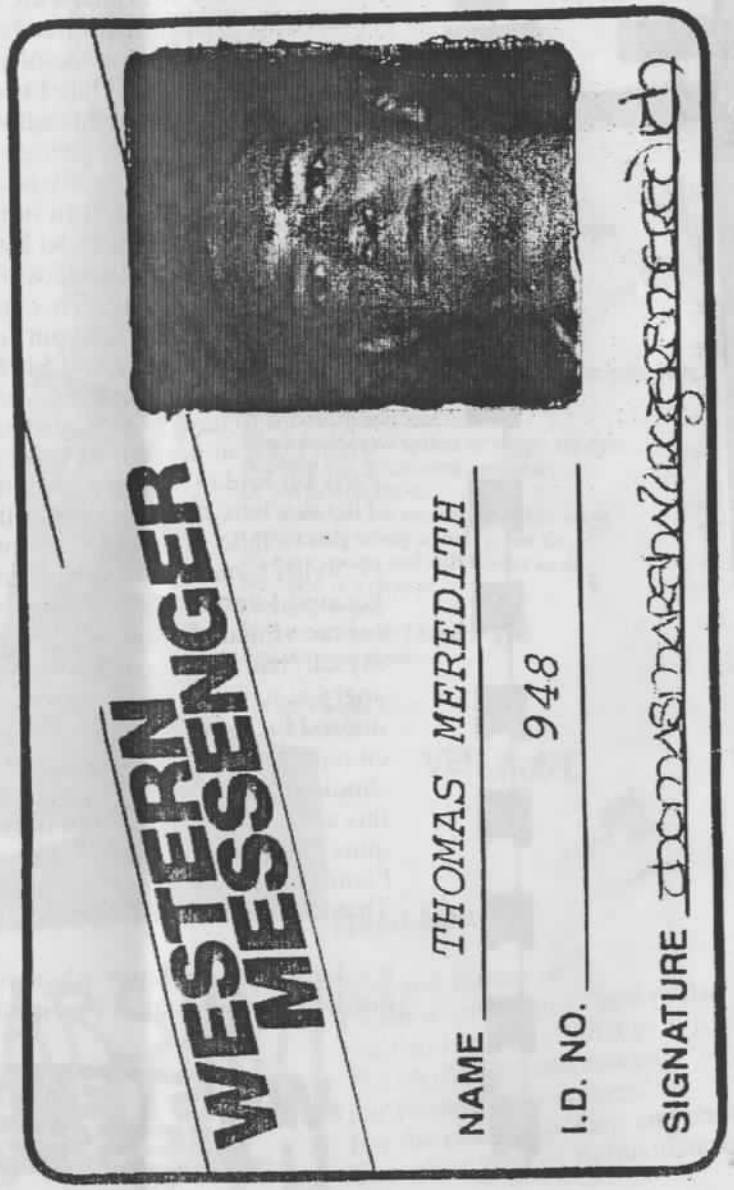
Thomas, We Miss You.

Somehow one never knows
Shadow ego lives on
Looming large on the wall of limitations
Not so tall that
Love
Cannot be known
You who is she
Your love
Is beyond imagination

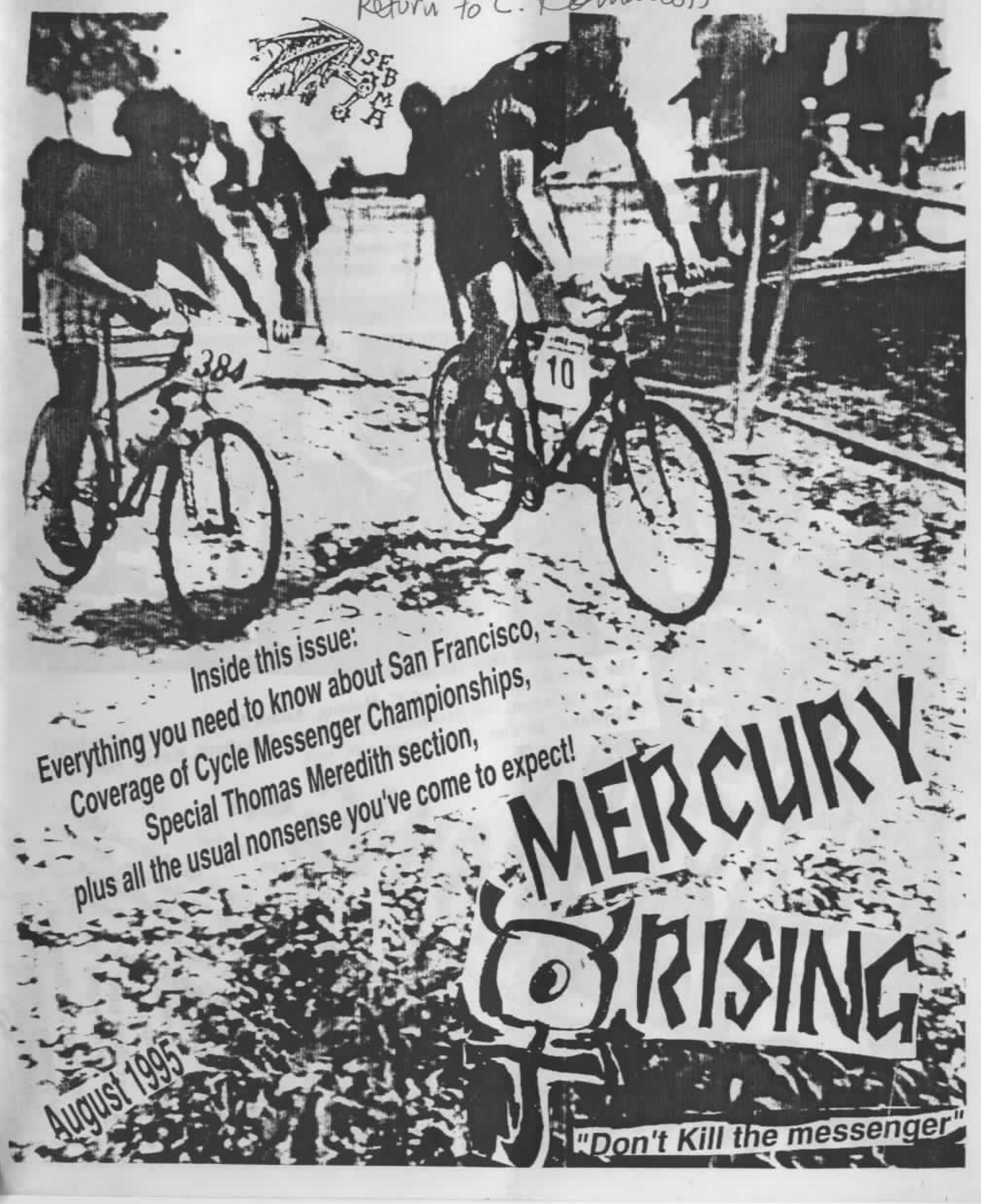
Sometimes
I want
Am I afraid of the touch
That will awaken me

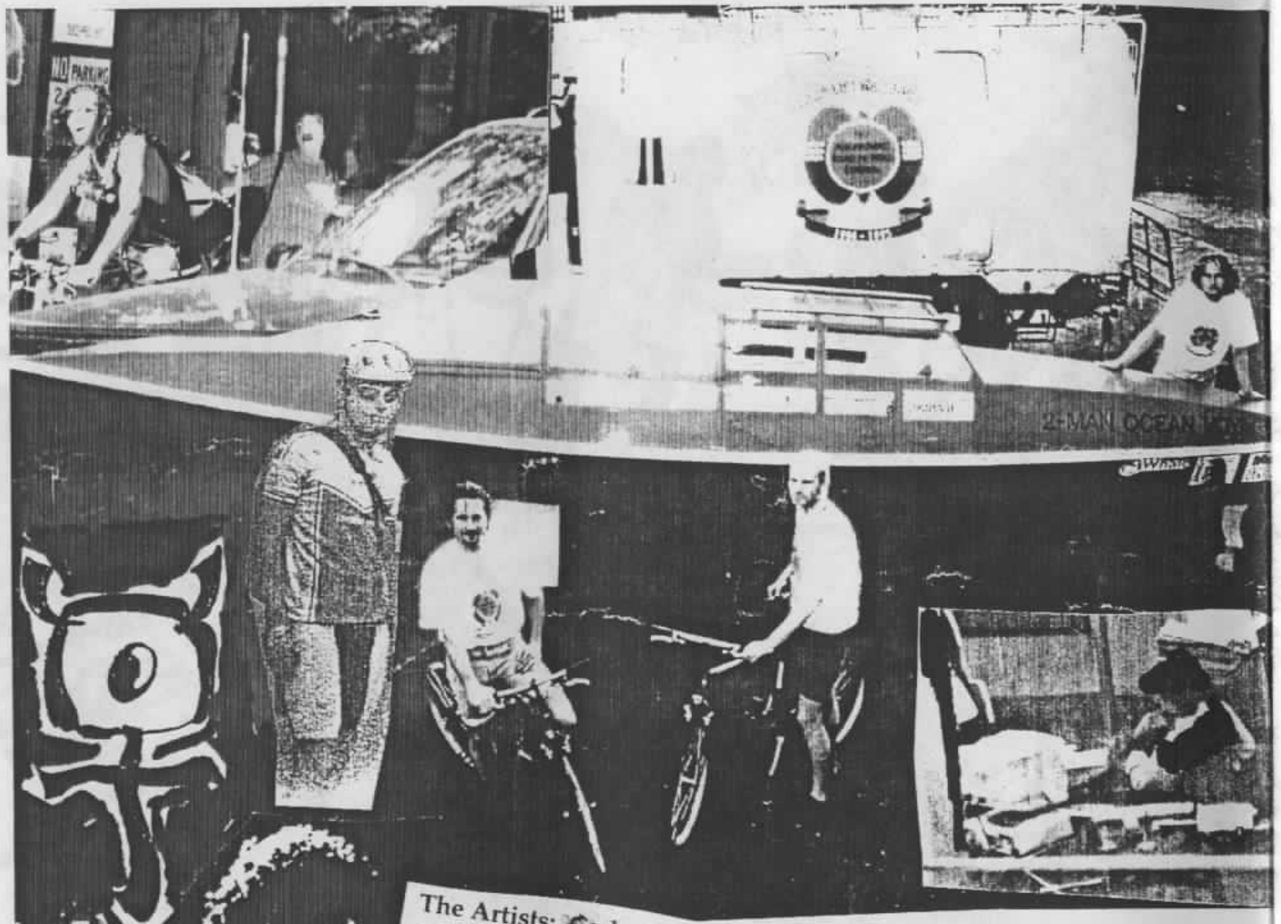
Knowing yet foolish
Young and ancient
Forgotten yet remembered
I've seen her
Goddess
Yet know her not
At the edge
The abyss of light
Will met me into
Daily her beauty grows
Let me give
Myself
To
Love

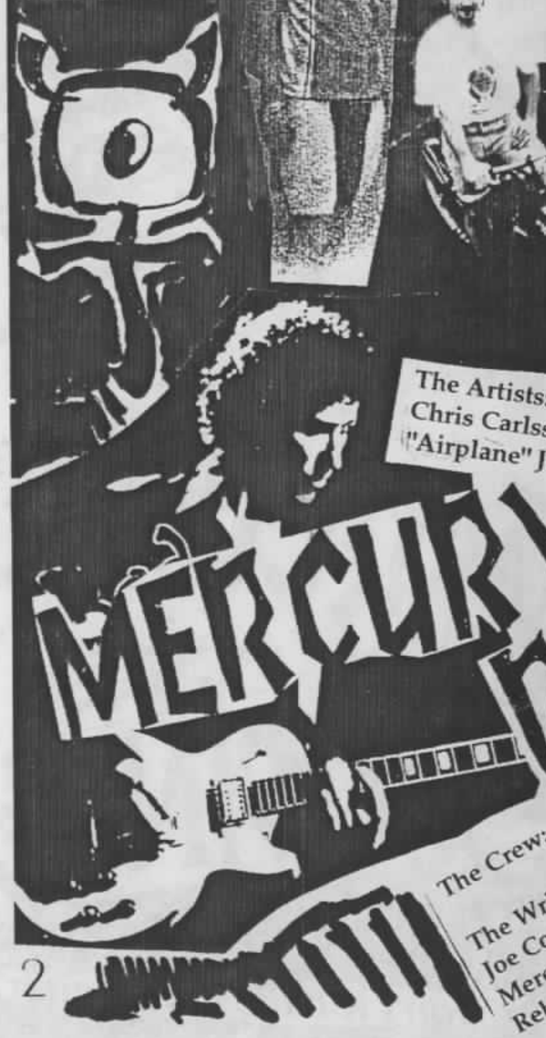


2018.103

Return to C. Komaroff







MERCURY RISING #11

The Artists: Carla, Sam, C.C. Hsiang, Adam Meyer, Lance Mitchell, Chris Carlsson, Jim Swanson, Cat, Dano, Elizabeth, Kevin Harris, Eric "Airplane" Jordan, Anonymous, Mikal.

The Crew: Carla Laser, Dano, Marilyn Lifton, Fur, Sam

The Writers: Stuart Coulthard, Cate Cusick, Casey McNamara, Shark, Joe Corio, Pat Ryan, Kermit the DJ, John Nakagawa, Sal Roz, America Meredith, Trog, Elizabeth (SB #44), Jim Kaiser, Josh Mulholland, Rebecca Reilly, J.L. Nowells, Lance Mitchell, Fur, Thomas Meredith,

The Photographers: Mark Lioi, Ash Daniel, Hunt, Olly Hewitt, Holly Suzara, Bill, Kenny Brown, Mishka

Thanks to: Now Courier, ...s & Jim @ Victoria Fisher, Lemonhead, Larry Typesetting Etc., Eric Zones, Freeman, Josh Lawson, John Seagrave, America Meredith, Buffalo Bill, Harvey Wool, Jack Anderson, All the contributors and sponsors, you.

THANKS!

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Mercury Rising #11 is dedicated to THOMAS!!!

INSIDE CONTACT:

5 Third Street

Even if you've only been to the Hearst Building once, you know that the most likely place to get a warm reception is through the Stevenson Street access, where Earl Hamilton and Jose Romero do their uplifting work. Although the Hearst corporation does provide attractive benefits, Earl and Jose both agree that mingling with a variety of people is what makes work interesting. They're always ready with an accurate temperature reading, and they're not too fussy about the clipboard, so come on by if you need a lift...but only push the button once.

Some of us worry about losing precious seconds durimg our runs. Not so Eli, who drops and does 25 for every tag done. Eli surfs the big wintertime waves both here in Cali and on Oahu's north shore, and pushin' dirt helps to keep his arms in paddling trim during the flat season. The more tags the better, eh, Eli?

BIKE COMMUTER OF THE MONTH

Dressed in banker's grey, Marshall Baxter cuts a conservative profile on Market, but his cartoon of a tie gives the lie to a staid attitude. That and the purple muontain. Every workaday, waether permitting, our featured commuter pedals from home off of Dolores Park to 388 Market Street, where he works as an office assistant for First Republic Thrift and Loan. Besides the exercise, Baxter is enthusiastic about another advantage of cycling to work: the parking. "I park in the same garage as the president and the vice-president, for free" he grins. He has no doubt as to the worst disadvantage. "Dodging buses. MUNI... I can't tell you how much I hate them!" Baxter regards the city's transit system as a scourge and a menace, and seems to have had enough experience with them for a fair assessment. "I live right next to the J Church line" he says. "They drove me out on a bike in the first place. Who would want to put up with those guys? I drive better than they do."

Mail Run

Dear Mercury Rising:

MR kicks asssssss! I've been feeling very Anti-car lately. I put a big "Kill the Cars" on the side of my helmet. I've decided that in this way too car-oriented city, It might be a good Idea to protect my self out in ye olde urban jungle. Commuters w/ nauseous and riled up. One day I will probably lash out, and I'll be the bad guy, because I attacked the scum-ever-unamicable cars. please send me a latest issue (or a dozen of em) I will be happy then. Enclosed is one dollar.

Your bikin' only Pal,
Matt Gill
Matt Gill
POB 6004
...WI 54402

Dear Fellow Owners, Operators, Cyclists,

There will be a gathering of bicycle messengers this summer in Toronto, Canada. The third Annual Cycle Messengering Championship will be held August 9-14, 1995. Berlin hosted the inaugural event, after which London played host in 1994. (Both events were dominated by Europeans, despite a formidable American turn-out)

I personally feel we on the West Coast can kick some butt, and plan to send my "gravy dogs." in fact, San Francisco will have a damn strong field comprised by the time the dog days roll along.

Please pass this information onto your bikers along with the following San Francisco address for correspondence: World Cycle Messengering Championship, c/o Black Dog Courier, 150 8th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Red Nic
96 Massey
Toronto M6J 2T5
CANADA

San Francisco hopes to host it in '96, and input and help from whomever can supply it. Frankly it will be good.

Sincerely,
Rich Kesler
aka Patce Kong

· P.O. Box 10141 Berkeley, CA 94709

Friends,

As it says we are on a search for balance within our young company. We are indeed worker owned; there are no bosses. And we need that female perspective + total involvement. Please call regardless and/or if you have any questions. Ask for Alan Thanks.

PS Here is $5 for your great zine who to make it out to.

510-451-PEDX.

PedEx™
Zero-Pollution Delivery Solution

The Velorution Shall Not Be Motorized

PedEx, the Bay Area's first and only non-motorized cargo courier, has begun exploratory interviews with the desire to add new members to its growing worker-owned cooperative in the near future. Bike messenger experience a plus. Must be a strong rider. Women strongly encouraged to . Please send a brief letter of interest to: PedEx, P.O. Box 10141, Berkeley, CA 94709

For Mercury Rising

In an interview with Robert Chandler, general manager for the Presidio (former U.S. military base about to be released to the National Park Service ("NPS")), the 2/24/95 Independent outlined the parameters required of an event for it to be held on Presidio land:

> "cross-cultural communication, international exchange, community renewal, environmental awareness, education and the arts."

The provisional constitution of the International Federation of Cycle Messenger Couriers ("IFCMC") is based upon achieving the following:

i. to ensure the successful realization of the annual Cycle Messenger World Championships;

ii. to foster cooperation, understanding and comradeship amongst cycle messengers world-wide; and

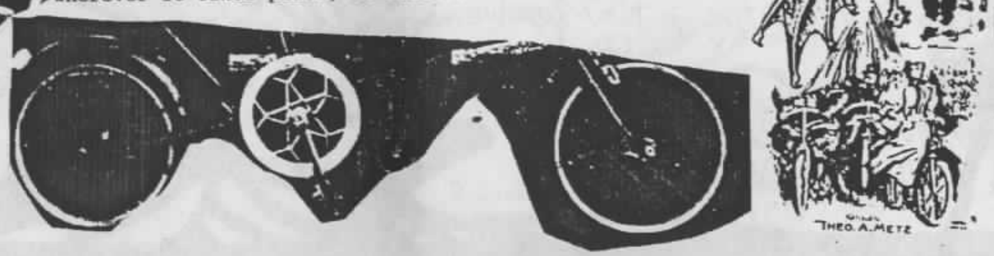
iii. to promote the use of pedal-powered vehicles for commercial purposes in order to improve the urban environment.

Messengers here (everywhere) take their job and its reality very seriously. Anyone performing it knows it is a deadly serious personal challenge. "You can break man-made laws; you cannot break natural laws." Hence, the elation that comes with doing it well, as well as the willingness to celebrate and encourage its respect worldwide.

San Francisco is a great place for the 4th annual championship. The hills are superbly unforgiving; the vistas, dynamic; the weather patterns, invigorating; the playtime, full of variety; the microbrews, refreshing; the green bud, killer. The latter attractions kept me from mailing a letter to Mr. Chandler.

Committees may continue to plan, however, it is the grassroots' interest and intention that will pull it together if the 4th annual championship is to be held in San Francisco. Somehow those who daily rely on messenger-related services will be convinced to foot the astronomical insurance premiums. (They will be told they will make money.)

It is thanks to the unhindered grassroots' intention of sincere sponsors that dozens of messengers will make Toronto to share delights of August among kindred spirits. Maybe San Francisco will see the 4th annual championship. Certainly, wherever it takes place, it will be a blessed event.



TIMBUK2

We are proud to help sponsor teams in the Toronto Cycle Messenger Championship... blahblahblah... the most awsome organized competition of urban atheletes from around the world... yakyakyak... this weekend if someone steps in front of you and you find yourself doing the "pedestrian dance" try not to kill them too badly, it'll totally slow you down... Zzzz,Zzzz... we hope everyone has a blast!

If you're looking for messenger bags talk to us. It's what we do all day long, and sometimes in the evening and sometimes even in our sleep.

Give us a wake-up call: 800-334-8501

Good Luck to everyone and hope to see you at the '96 Championships!

SF 96

DESIGNS

SPOKES by Fur Bring the CMC home to San Francisco!

In an exclusive Mercury Rising interview, Buffalo Bill of London--longtime publisher of *Moving Target* and one of the key organizers of CMC '94--threw his support behind San Francisco's bid to host the Courier Worlds in 1996.

"The Championships," equivocated Bill, "should keep moving west, to your lovely city by the bay in '96." Bill then offered some advice to our community as we consider embarking on this adventure.

"Stop putting yourselves down--get out of the gutter! Start believing in yourselves. We had exactly the same doubts." Bill grew more serious. "Bringing the messenger community together is the whole purpose of the Championships."

"A lot of help is needed," Bill went on, "and it's available, for San Francisco. New York doesn't have the grassroots support for a CMC at this point, and I don't think Denver or Washington or Chicago could draw as many participants, either."

"San Francisco's crew," sang Bill, "was a godsend in London. Megan worked all day putting up barriers in the rain. Mike Turner," (formerly of Lightning, currently of some nightclub he manages in Prague) "was unflappable through the check-in rush, working long hours." Victor Veysey, currently of London, was "always positive, helping." And Eric Zones was "indispensible, helping land the last-minute Cook Brothers sponsorship, and handling all sorts of stuff."

Bill went on to tell the tale of London's CMC '94, how it had been the balliwick of this, like, sleazy PR firm called Pitcher through some arrangement with Messenger Berlin's Klessman and Beier, who pretty much had the rights, since they started the Messenger Championships in '93. How was anyone to know that Pitcher was sitting on their hands? The couriers found out around April, took matters into their own hands, and what they pulled off in a few short months is stunning. Buffalo Bill strongly emphasized that the whole race, party and cultural festival must be planned and executed by couriers to capture the spirit of CMC.

Then he told me: "Markus, we're counting on you. I'm serious."

Certainly the Toronto party is concieved and produced by couriers. But could we do it here? Actually, yes! We've got the extended community, the racers, the bands, the artists, the organizer-types, the hills, the 'hoods, and now, support coming out of the woodwork.

Timbuk 2's early sponsorship of SF '96 is an exciting development, not only because they're underwriting our printing costs so we don't have to charge you for this here Merc #11, but they plan to wield their influence within the vast bike and accessory manufacturing complex of the Bay Area. There are many other types of local businesses which can reap PR benefits from a world-wide messenger race and festival. See MR's sponsorship/ad pages to see who's already on board. Others have expressed interest.

We just gotta do some fundraising and get some more respectable names attached to our efforts so we can secure permits, insurance, a site, more kegs, etc.Cate Cusick has drawn up a letter to the Presidio management which makes a strong case to locate CMC '96 there. See Cate's view of what next year might look like on page 6. Joe Corio offers some cultural and geographic background on The City on pages 28 and 29. Jim Kaiser offers further SF '96 views in his piece on the recent Bandit Races on page 44.

Beyond these features we hope that Mercury Rising #11 not only serves our own scene but also introduces the world's couriers to fabulous San Francisco.

• • •

Being the last person who started MR who's still heavilly involved in it, I sometimes feel that I'm shooting the project in the foot. While I'm never organized enough to use all the available help, those who end up doing too much get burned out. As we look toward going monthly, (especially if we are selected for CMC '96) I'm looking for ways to make Merc more a community thing and less a Markus thing. Please watch for postings of upcoming meetings if you'd like to help.

• • •

Ever wonder what became of Therese from Silver Bullet, my former roommate? She's happilly finishing school at Temple U. in Philly, where she's from, living with London messenger Horse, who visited SF after last year's CMC, found a job as Carla's nurse, and found love on a two-way street. None of this would have happened had I not gone to London. The moral? Participating in the Courier Worlds keeps life happening!

• • •

If you're tired of fighting for your life all alone on the streets, it's time to band together with fellow velorutionaries to struggle for real change! With the groundswell in cycle-commuting evidenced by our hugely-sucessful Critical Mass, the influence of the SF Bicycle Coalition grows. I was elected to the Board of Directors because the Coalition is serious about involving more messengers. We're working on all kinds of projects, including trying to improve the City's Comprehensive Bike Plan. It's your life and your fight! Call 431-BIKE for more info.

• • •

There are unfortunately no 'zine reviews in this issue, but I thought I should mention a couple of bright spots in the local publishing world. Jesse Nowells continues to crank out really cool, interesting novellettes and poetry collections in his Free Space Press (see excerpt from his recent *Dog Maw*, pg.00). Lance Mitchell has a terrific new comic book out on Blacklist, Featuring some MR-released material and biker-bash flyers (see pg.). Finally, America Meredith, one of the four founders of Merc, has a new Illiterate Digest out, and it's an excellent eclectic collection, as always. (see reprint, pg.26) Also I can't thank her enough for sharing some thoughts on the Market Street death of of her brother Thomas. (see our special Thomas Meredith section, including reprints of writings America compiled in the book *Zerokiller*, a miscellany.)

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I.M.S.I., A-Block
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Boise, Idaho 83707

June 11, 199

To:
Prison Literature Project
Bound Together Books
1369 Haight Street
San Francisco, CA 94117

Greetings!

As a state prisoner who has now been confined for just under eight years of punishment ad nauseam ad infinitum, I would greatly appreciate it if you would provide me with any spare books you may have lying around which would serve to light up the darkness in here and make this time spent without liberty and life's experiences count for something.

I am particularly interested in the following fields of learning:

North American and European History (particularly Native American Indians in the former, and Norway and Scandinavia in the latter category); Natural History - that is, anything to do with the earth's flora and fauna, lands, oceans, evolution, etc.; History of the South Pacific - most particularly, Polynesian history and culture; Naturalist Philosophers - such as, Henry David Thoreau, John Muir, Aldo Leopold, Teddy Roosevelt, Rachel Carson, Bob Marshall, Edward Abbey, et al.; Iconoclastic Freethinkers - such as, Voltaire, Diderot, Nietzsche, Montaigne, Thomas Paine, H.L. Mencken, Clarence Darrow, Robert Ingersoll, Bertrand Russell, et al.

Any assistance you could offer me in procuring some good reading materials (such as the aforementioned) would be greatly appreciated by me - much more than you will ever know!

Take care, thank you for your time, and I hope to hear back from you in the near future!

Most sincerely yours,

The PRISONER'S LITERATURE PROJECT (aka P.L.P. or "Penelope") is a voluntary group that sends free books to prisoners upon request. we meet every Tuesday, 8:00 pm at EPICENTER ZONE (475 Valencia, at 16th, San Francisco). Our library and headquarters are there. we recieve mail through BOUND TOGETHER BOOKSTORE. Although we utilize services from each of these organizations, we are a seperate entity. P.L.P. is not affiliated with any religious groups, political parties, or governmental agencies.

We receive well over 25 letters per week from prisoners and though we try to fulfill requests as closely as possible and in a speedy manner we are still very much in need of donations.

Common requests are for books in the following fields (though any donations are gratefully received): African-American/Black History, Latin American and Spanish works, dictionaries, legal aid and self-help manuals, general education (basic reading, math skills), novels, sci-fi, fantasy, westerns, occult/magic, history, horror, suspense, spirituality, yoga, martial arts, comics, art, etc.

YOU CAN HELP: Money for postage
Soft cover books
Volunteers to help answer letters

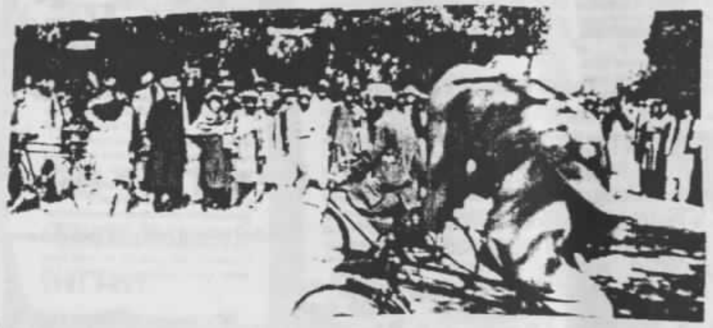
EDUCATE TO LIBERATE

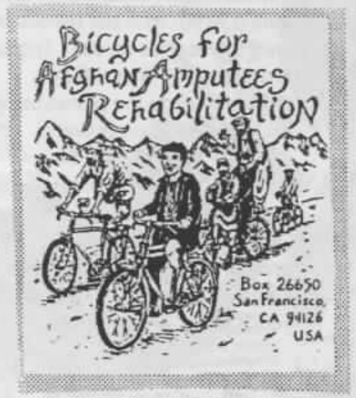
PRISONER'S LITERATURE PROJECT

BAAR
ANNUAL REPORT SUMMARY

Rahmatullah practicing in London for the CMWC
Photo by Olly Hewitt
reprinted from *Community Care*

The unthinkable has come to pass! For the first time ever, there's no BAAR Report from Howard! We might as well fill you in on why: Howard left a couple of months ago for a bike tour to Toronto. He's been gathering support for the project along the way, and of course will make a big BAAR splash at CMC. We got a postcard from Howard out on the road, advising us to throw our support behind the Denver bid for CMC '96. Sorry, Howard! Even if Denver's plans sound great, it's still Denver, and now that we are hatching our own plans, we might be hard to convince.





2 DUDES CIRCUM-NAVIGATING THE GLOBE BY PEDAL POWER COMING TO SF

Check out "Moksha," the fantastic custom pedal-ship that Steve Smith (rt) and Jason Lewis just crossed the Atlantic in. It took 111 days to reach Florida from Portugal, during which time our heroes powered themselves on old English Army rations! They will be the first to circle the planet using exclusively human power.

Interestingly, the Pedal For the Planet project was launched from the very same posh Guilford Street Squat where our friend and London messenger Horse lived, where several of us stayed after last year's CMC. Kenny Brown, PFtP's photographer and support person, is also a friend of ours. Small biking world.

In a recent interview from their current headquarters at some Ramada Inn in Florida, Steve explained Jason's Decision to break with the pedal motif by rollerblading across North America: "The salt water must have gone to his brain."

"I'll be arriving in San Francisco in September. Jason will roll in around mid-to-late October. We'll be stopping to spread the word and look for as many schools, summer camps, bike clubs, etc. as possible."

They'll leave SF in March--Steve, biking the Northern route across the Bering Strait, Jason alone in the boat. While they're here, we the biking community must support Pedal For the Planet with hospitality, donations, and big benefit parties!

Any one who can help should contact Nancy Sanford, p.o.b. #801, St. Petersburg, Florida 33731. tel (813) 822 4783.

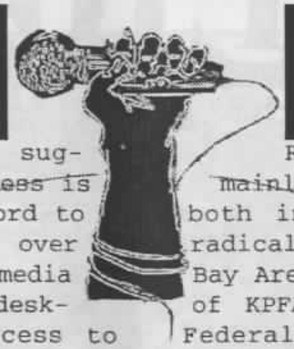
-Fuc

Pedal for the Planet

The first human powered round-the-world expedition

1994-1997

RADIO LIBRE



Prevailing wisdom has suggested that freedom of the press is limited to those who can afford to own a printing press. Well, over the last ten years the print media has been revolutionized by desktop publishing, allowing access to almost anybody with a small budget to publish their own 'zine which would represent them, their scene or community, something which commercial mediums are perhaps incapable of. Most people I know see very little of themselves in Rolling Stone for example, but they do see lots of advertisements and features that reinforce very mainstream images of chic consumerism. The zine scene has opened access for countless under-represented voices to express themselves without obligation to commercial interests.

The micropower broadcast or "pirate radio" is borne of this same need to build our own printing press -because the establishment media isn't going to share theirs! Radio Libre (103.3 FM) is based in San Francisco's Mission district. We are on the air everyday for between 5 and 20 hours, (primarily in the evening) with programming in English and Spanish or both (see our schedule). Currently there are about 40 people doing their own programming every week.

Radio Libre began a year ago, mainly as a free speech action, both in response to the lack of radical and progressive voices on Bay Area radio (witness the sellout of KPFA) and in challenge to the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) ban on micro power radio. This Ban effectively closes off radio access to all except big-budget cources. Within months Radio Libre began to expand its programming schedule and its focus, along with the transmission increasingly a "community" station -not that our neighborhood is not a strong unified community - but by having a voice that can be shared by the diverse interests and personalities of the neighborhood, the marginalized and under-represented its something that people can get together on. I can't understand you unless I can hear you. Radio Libre is also being used as a bulletin board for activism. There are always announcements for demonstrations and actions, and news from U.S. prisons and political prisoners. We also feature news from revolutionary movements in Mexico, Spain, Germany and around the world. Don't expect your master to free you; Seize the reigns!

-Kermit the DJ

Radio Libre (415) 487-6308
350 7th Ave. #35
SF, CA 94118

SFLR (415) 386-3155
Radio Free Berkely (510) 549-0732
(also for info on building your own transmitter)

RADIO LIBRE - 103.3 FM

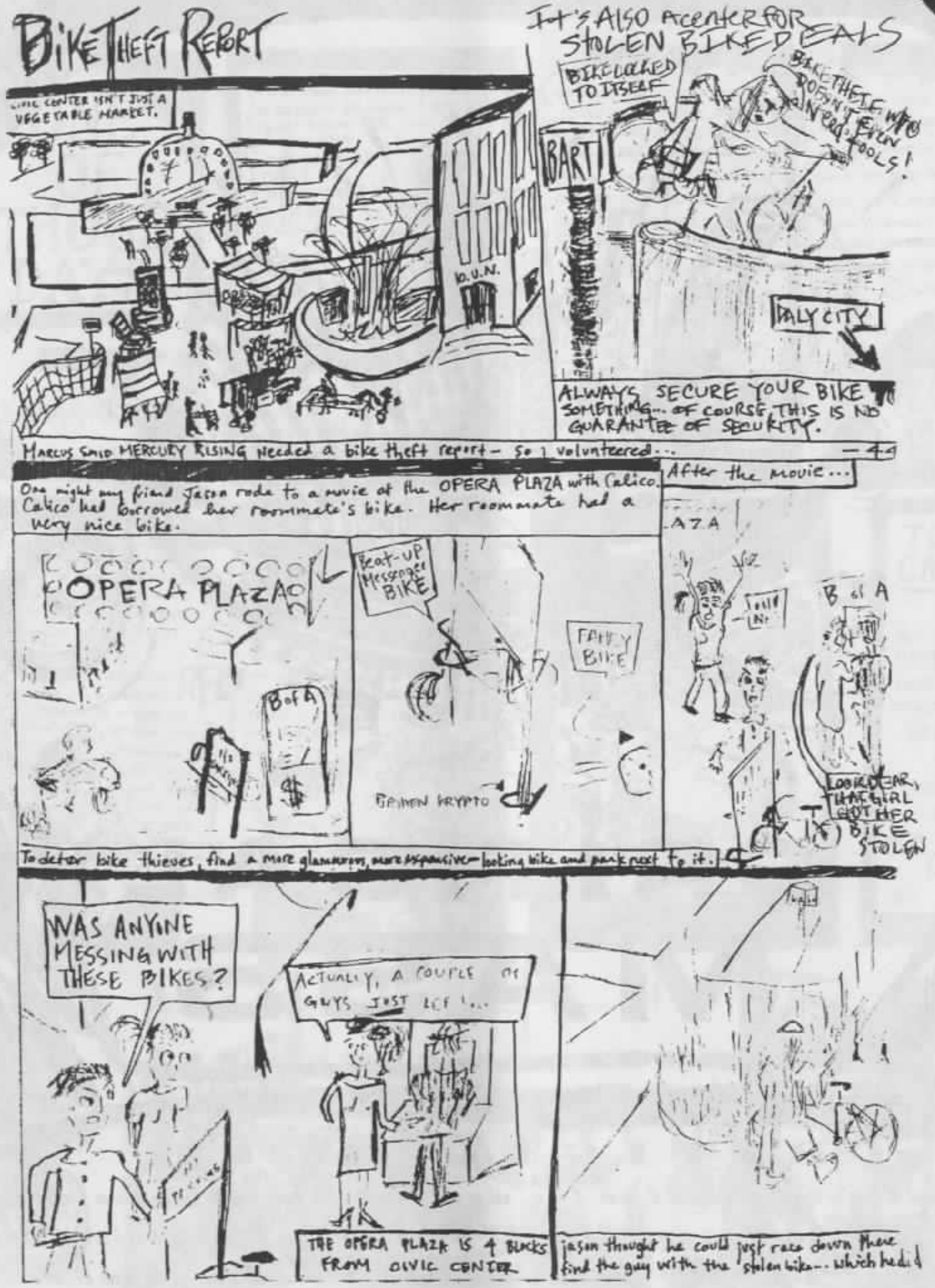
Lunes / Monday	Politica & Cultura Latinoamerican a con Juanita <en Español> <11am - 4pm>	"Anarchy on the airwaves" w/Criss Crass & Matt Mayhem Anarchist perspectives on current events <5:30 - 7pm>	"Radio del Barrio" w/A.E.I.O.U, Moks, & R.E.L. young poetry & rhythms of color from el barrio <7 - 9pm>	Smooth grooves to massage yer mind with Lotus Flower <9 - 11pm>	DJ Doorslam Cosmic debris covering late night <11pm - 1am>
Martes / Tuesday	Big Bill Haywire working class punk politics & an end to wage slavery <6 - 8pm>	"Break Down the Walls" with Nikki the Liberator & Hambone... cops? prisons? Control Units? HELL NO! Open your eyes & take control. SHUT EM DOWN! Fuck apathy! <8:30 - 10:30pm>			
Miercoles / Wednesday	Rappin' Polemics with Geoff. Get informed: politics of ecology, the economy, mental health. Political Rap & Soul <6 - 8pm>	DJ MoFo with contemporary relevent music by women, community event updates; all to an irresistable groove <8 - 9pm>	DJ Moses -progressive music, events reporting and interviews with local artists & activists <9 - 11pm>		
Jueves / Thursday	"National Steel" w/ the dj who dares not speak his name...Songs of lonliness, despair and long-distance trucking. Bluegrass, country & other Americana <6:30 - 8pm>	"National Steel" w/ the dj who dares not speak his name...Songs of lonliness, despair and long-distance trucking. Bluegrass, country & other Americana <8 - 9pm>	"E-Mission" w/DJ Bazigoosh world music and politics. <8:30 - 10:30pm>		
Viernes / Friday	**Alternating Fridays:** Jung SmoothE sexual politics, women's music / DJ David w/music & politics from around the world <6 - 8pm>	Dj Maria de las Mariposaas Latin Music & roots. History of the arts & communicatin. <8 - 10pm>			
Sabado / Saturday	Kids Show with Noah & guests <2:30 - 4pm>	"Correo Zapatista" Informacion & Musica de Mexico con communicados del EZLN de "El Machete" y de la situation en nuestro bario. <6 - 8pm>	DJ Kid Tabu Conscious grooves, HiPhOp, soul and funk <8 - 10pm>		
Domingo / Sunday	"Mind Fields" poetry, philosophy and politics with personality Diamond D & Barbed Wire <6 - 8pm>	**BLACK LIBERATION RADIO** KERMIT the DJ <8 - 10pm>			

"10-9?"

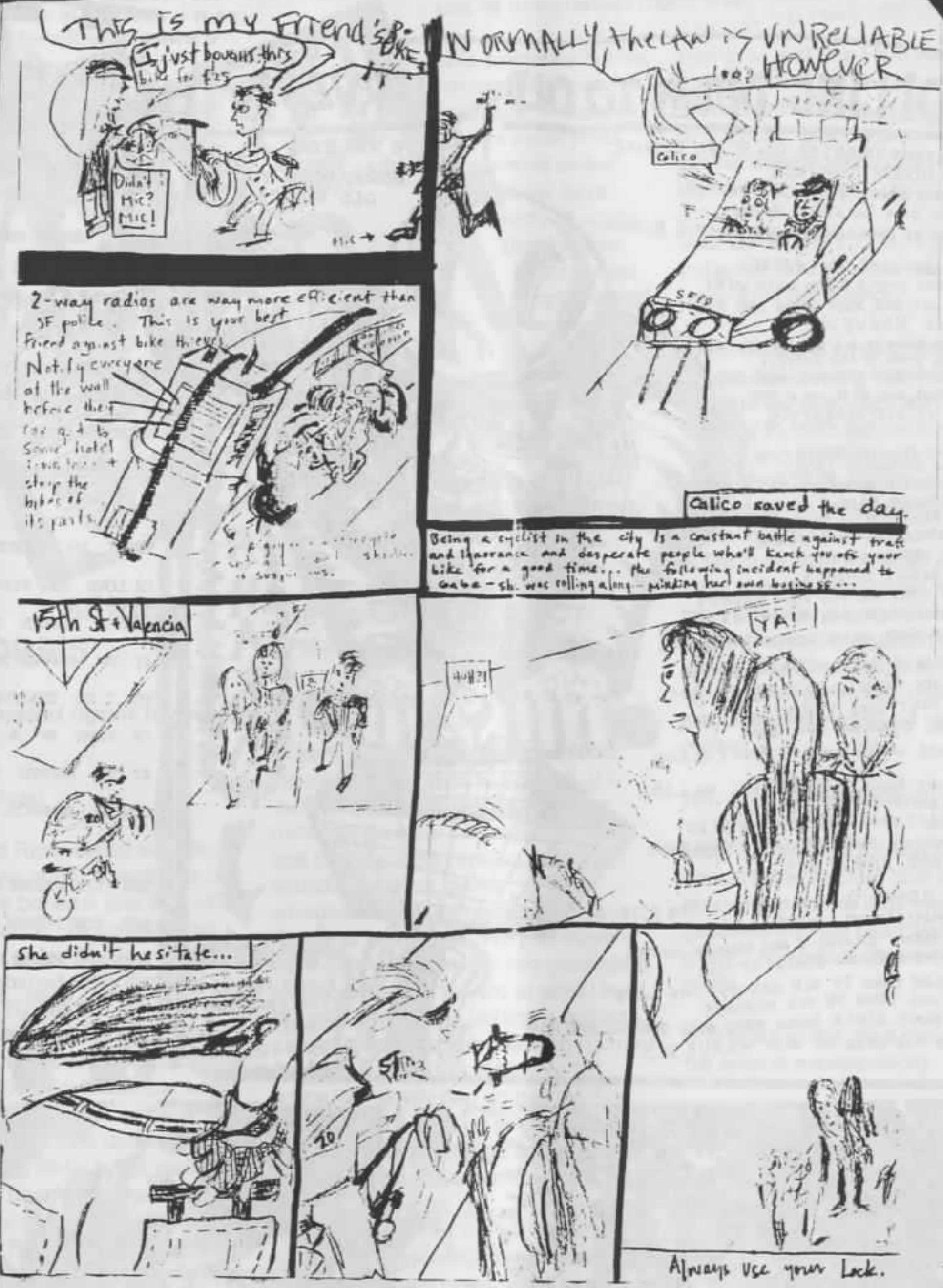
CRITICAL MASS

CRITICAL MOSH

Did you know that the worldwide phenomenon called Critical Mass started right here in San Francisco? Messengers played an early key role. Though we're obviously a small fraction of today's CM crowds, a local TV news broadcast recently referred to Critical Mass as "Two thousand rowdy bike messengers." --Fur



BIKE THEFT REPORT
CIVIC CENTER ISN'T JUST A VEGETABLE MARKET.
It's ALSO A center FOR STOLEN BIKE DEALS
BIKE LOCKED TO ITSELF
BIKE THIEF WHO DOESN'T EVEN NEED TOOLS!
BART
U.N.
DALY CITY
ALWAYS SECURE YOUR BIKE TO SOMETHING... OF COURSE THIS IS NO GUARANTEE OF SECURITY.
Marcus said MERCURY RISING needed a bike theft report - so I volunteered...
One night my friend Jason rode to a movie at the OPERA PLAZA with Calico. Calico had borrowed her roommate's bike. Her roommate had a very nice bike.
OPERA PLAZA
Beat-UP Messenger BIKE
FANCY BIKE
B of A
$
After the movie...
B of A
LOOK DEAR, THAT GIRL GOT HER BIKE STOLEN
To deter bike thieves, find a more glamorous, more expensive-looking bike and park next to it.
WAS ANYONE MESSING WITH THESE BIKES?
ACTUALLY, A COUPLE OF GUYS JUST LEFT...
THE OPERA PLAZA IS 4 BLOCKS FROM CIVIC CENTER
Jason thought he could just race down there find the guy with the stolen bike... which he did



This is my Friend's BIKE
I just bought this bike for $25
Didn't Mic? Mic!
Mic →
NORMALLY the LAW is UNRELIABLE HOWEVER
Calico
SFPD
Calico saved the day.
2-way radios are way more efficient than SF police. This is your best friend against bike thieves. Notify everyone at the wall before they can get to some hotel and strip the bike of its parts.
Being a cyclist in the city is a constant battle against traffic and ignorance and desperate people who'll knock you off your bike for a good time... the following incident happened to Gabe - she was rolling along - minding her own business...
15th St + Valencia
YA!
She didn't hesitate...
Always use your Lock.

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S

(TO THE TUNE OF: "ROLLIN' DOWN TO OLD MAN")

IT'S A DAMN TOUGH LIFE, FULL OF TOIL & STRIFE,
WE MESSENGERS UNDERGO.
TOO MANY DRINKS & NOT ENOUGH WINKS,
AND WE DINE ON STALE HO-HOS.
BUT WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND, FROM THE BUNDA
ROUNDS.
ON A GOOD BIKE, TALL & FREE,
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN, WHEN WE'RE
DRINKING OUR RUM, WITH THE BOYS
AT OLD HARVEY'S.
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S, ME LADS,
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S,
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN, WHEN WE'RE
DRINKING OUR RUM, WITH THE
BOYS AT OLD HARVEY'S.

I COULD TELL YOU TALES
OF THE NORTHERLY GALES,
OF THE ICE & WIND & RAIN,
OF A FROZEN NOSE,
AND FROSTBITTEN TOES.
AND WATER ON THE BRAIN.
THREE BROKEN SPOKES,
AND SOGGY SMOKES,
WHAT CARE WE FOR THAT SOUND?
A LIVING GALE IS AFTER US,
THANK GOD WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND!
AND WE'RE DOWN TO RICE & BEANS
MY LADS, WE'RE DOWN TO RICE & BEANS
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN
WE'RE DRINKING OUR RUM,
'CAUSE WE'RE DOWN TO RICE & BEANS

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S MY LADS.
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN WE'RE
DRINKING OUR RUM, WITH THE BOYS
AT OLD HARVEY'S.

IT'S A DAMN TOUGH LIFE, FULL OF TOIL & STRIFE,
WE MESSENGERS UNDERGO.
TOO MANY DRINKS & NOT ENOUGH WINKS,
AND WE DINE ON STALE HO-HO'S.
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEY'S, MY LADS
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD HARVEYS
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN, WHEN WE'RE DRINKING OUR RUM
WITH THE BOYS AT OLD HARVEY'S!

BY: SHARK

(WITH THANKS TO THE FOLKS OF PHOENYX FOR INSPIRATION)

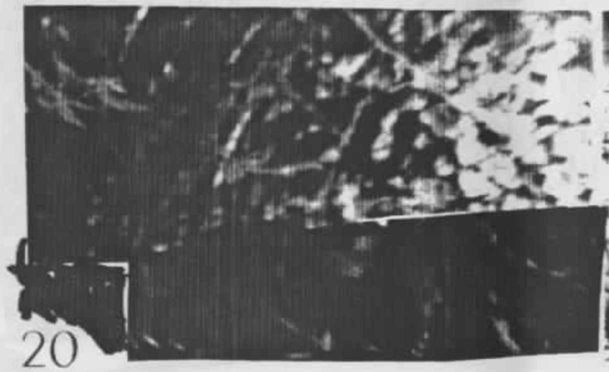
"TENDER ROMANCE"
(C) (P) 1984
ROZZMUZE INC.

BY SAL ROZ

SHE FLIES RIGHT BY ME
AT LEAST A HUNDRED TIMES A DA
ALTHOUGH SHE DON'T NO ME,
SHE'S GONNA SEE THINGS MY WAY.

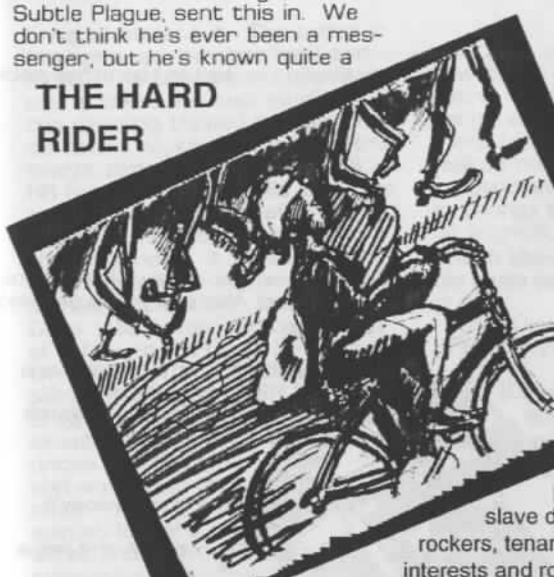
YES I DO BELIEVE,
IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU...
IT CAN HAPPEN TONITE.
YES I DO BELIEVE
IN LOVE AT A GLANCE
IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU,
TENDER ROMANCE......

SHE FLIES RIGHT BY ME
SHE DON'T EVEN NO MY NAME
WHEN SHE FINALLY KNOWS ME
SHE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME...
YES I DO BELIEVE......



Our old friend Pat, singer for A Subtle Plague, sent this in. We don't think he's ever been a messenger, but he's known quite a few of us in his travels. A product of imagination more than experience, this screenplay is fun to read -ed

THE HARD RIDER



SERIES SYNOPSIS

An animated liquid television series

By Pat Ryan

The Hard Rider series will follow the travails of HR a synthesis of a punk rock boheme and the man with no name". (A combination character of Ian Mackaye meets Clint Eastwood circa Fistful of Dollars). By day HR is a bike messenger dealing with the urban decay of crime and alienation and by night he transforms that angst when he rocks with his band The Hard Riders in the underground clubs. Hard Rider is not your typical party hearty bike messenger but rather an embittered loner, the reluctant hero searching for some truth and hope in his morally bankrupt world. In the series we will hear HR' thoughts as he tries to cope with the disparity and squalor of his existence but his reluctance to compromise. A brooding semi-mock philosophical series that will have plenty of action (taxi/bus car bike crashes, cop/bike rival messenger gang chases), comedy (the business people he delivers to, slave driving boss, wasted rockers, tenants in his building), love interests and rock and roll.

THE HARD RIDER - DEBUT EPISODE

BY **PAT RYAN**

(A dark foreboding urban metropolis, industrial cum Blade Runnerish. It is dusk. We pan around the buildings, traffic congestion, screeching buses and taxi's, people nursing home, the sounds of yelling, police whistles/sirens, the homeless and overfilled trash cans. We pan down a dank alleyway between two giant giant skyscrapers until we are at street level. We see a rat scurry behind a garbage can then the sound of skidding rubber. A mountain bike tire skids into full frame.We slowly pan across the tire until we see a beat up sneaker on the pedal. We pan up to the sock, the ankle and the calf when the voice over starts ...

V.O.:(In exaggerated deep tones.) He rides by day and he rocks by night he's ... THE HARD RIDER.

(The camera has fully panned up by now to reveal The Hard Rider- HR- in full frame looking like a combination of Clint Eastwood, the Socialist New Man and a punk rock boheme. HR takes out his walkie- talkie and puts it up to his ear, it's his Boss, Monty.)

V.O. OF MONTY:One more tag left today HR and get here pronto this guys gotta get it quick.

HR V.O.(As he's riding through the city people are nursing home from work.) Dammit the one day I needed to get off early to relax before the show tonight and this happens.
(He arrives at the entrance of Westward Ho Messenger Service. He walks into the cavernous warehouse building most of the other messengers have already gone home. He spies giant paper wrapped architectural plans next to the dispatch cage. He walks up to the cage, and looks in at Monty; thin, gaunt with heavy eyelids smoking a cigarette and counting money.)

HR: What's the deal Monty?

MONTY:(Without looking up from counting the money) 35th floor 5th and Market pronto the tags over there. (He gestures with his head over to the plans.) And careful there building plans

(HR looks at the giant plans and rolls his eyes in exasperation)

HR V.O:How the hell am I gonna ride and carry this at the same time? (He begins to try and maneuver the package and bike at the same time)

MONTY:Oh and HR take this to. It goes to the same guy (From underneath the opening of the dispatch cage he tosses him a small package HR catches it and puts it into his messenger bag.)

HR has balanced the plans precariously in one arm as he takes off down the city streets.)

HR V.O.:
Building plans. As if they need another one in this city. Where the hell they gonna plant it? Maybe I should just dump it in the garbage—my small contribution to thwarting the swarming excess of capitalism...yeah, right.

(He arrives at a huge skyscraper. He looks straight up at it as the sun is setting and takes his bicycle in a door marked "Service Entrance." A fat doorman with a cigar is reading the paper. HR goes to the elevator and presses the button.)

DOORMAN:
(Without looking up from the paper.)

It's broke.

HR:
Okay, where's the entrance to the regular elevator?

DOORMAN:
That's only for the tenants of the building. You gotta use the stairs.

HR:
(Eyes popping out of his head.)

Stairs?? But this tag is on the 35th floor!!!

DOORMAN:
Rules kiddo. I don't make 'em, you don't break 'em.

(HR goes into the stairwell. There is an enormously fat young kid on the first stairwell platform with a coffee tray. He is bent over, panting, already out of breath.)

HR:
(Recognizing fat kid.)
DANO!! What's up?

DANO:
(Panting) H...R...Wuzz...up?

(HR looks up the middle of the stairwell that seems to go up forever.)

HR:
What floor Dano?

DANO:
34. At the rate I'm going they're gonna be getting iced coffee.

HR:
(Thinking a second.)

Well I'm going to 35...no sense in making two trips.

(He grabs Dano's tray, but it's obvious he can't hold the plans and the tray at the same time. He looks around and by a broom closet he spies a large roll of twine. He grabs it.)

Tie this tight around the tray and hope the roll is long enough or you're in for a long walk.

DANO:
Thanks HR.

(HR starts running up the stairs with the twine rolling around his arm. Halfway up he scares awake a sleeping cat. He comes to the 34th floor as the last strand of twine unravels. He ties it to the railing and leans over.)

HR:
Dano, I'll be right back, I'm gonna drop my tag.

(The words take a while to echo all the way down as HR goes up to the 35th floor. He walks into the office and a wild-eyed executive, tie undone, is pacing.)

EXEC:
Where the hell have you been?

(HR hands him the giant building plans and the exec practically throws them to the side.)

Where the hell is the other package?

HR:
(Coldly)

One at a time, Hoss.

EXEC:
Don't you get sassy with me you road rat. We pay you guys good money.

(He grabs the smaller package out of HR's hand, signs for it, runs into the office and slams the door.)

HR V.O.:
Who pays who good money?

(HR goes down to 34 and leans over)

HR:
Awright Dano, let's haul her up.

(As the words echo down they stir the sleeping cat. Dano puts the coffee tray into the middle of the stairwell. Four coffee cups and donuts all precariously balanced on the tray.)

DANO:
Start haulin HR.

(HR starts delicately hauling up the tray, a piece of twine dangles from the bottom where it's tied. The tension on the rope grows taut and the tray swings. Almost halfway up, the smell of the donuts wafts up to the cat. He pokes his head into the stairwell and watches the strange package coming up. HR sees the cat.)

HR V.O.:
Here kitty kitty. Be a nice kitty kitty or I swear I'll make you a dead kitty kitty.

(As the tray is hauled up, the cat's interest is peaked. He makes a tentative swipe at the string but it is just out of his reach. As the tray passes, his paw hits it— knocking a lid off one of the coffee cups. The coffee tray swings dangerously. HR

tries to balance it. The coffee in the open cup swishes back and forth. The tray passes above the cat, it takes one last swipe at the dangling thread and one of its talons hooks onto it. The tray sways, almost tipping over, but HR balances it and pulls it off the cat's talon. A couple of drops of hot coffee spill out and land on the cat's nose. It screams and scrambles down the stairs. The lid has floated down and hits Dano, quickly followed by a drop of coffee on his face. He looks up the stairwell, shocked and puzzled. HR gets the tray, wipes a drop of sweat off his brow, unties the twine and walks into the office. Two women lawyers sit at a conference table. He hands them the tray.

HR:
Workin' late?

LAWYER:
(Stands up to pay him.)

Yeah. Wanna join us?

HR:
I'll have to take a raincheck. Take care.

LAWYER:

Here's for your trouble.

(She flips him a half dollar. HR catches it with one hand, is out the door and down the stairs. He gives the receipt to Dano and as he's leaving the building on his bike, he flips him the half dollar.)

DANO:

Thanks HR. When are the Hard Riders gonna play again?

HR:
Tonight at the Pink Slip.

DANO:
See you there.

(HR takes off. It is night and downtown has been taken over by patrol cars, homeless roving gangs, etc. He gets to his tenement building. A four-story walkup next to an abandoned lot/garbage dump. As he walks in, the bottom apartment opens up a crack. An elderly black man, Drago the landlord, peers out. His eyes light up when he sees it is HR)

DRAGO:
HR! How ya doin?

(Drago steps out of the apartment—an ancient dog follows close behind him.)

HR:
Pretty good Drago. How you doin? And how's ole' Duke?

(He pats the head of the nearly blind and deaf dog as it lets out a halfhearted "ruff".)

DRAGO:
(Looking down at Duke)

Well he made it another day... and so did I for that matter. Listen HR, I got some good news and bad new. Which do you wanna hear first?

HR:
Bad?

DRAGO:
Rent's going up $10 next month. Nothin I can do about it ...it's a new city tax.

HR:
Good?

DRAGO:
I fixed that heater finally. We all got hot water again.

HR:

(As he's bounding up the stairs with his bicycle.)

Oh happy day! I hope we don't start getting charged a luxury tax.

DRAGO:
(Yelling up to him)

Naww, it's on the house. Oh, HR, Charlie's been wonderin where the hell ya been.

(HR arrives at his third story landing. There is a public phone in the hallway. Although the tenement is old, it is well kept in a sort of homey, fix-it-yourself, rag tag way. As HR is opening the door to his apartment we can see another door open on the fourth floor landing. Charlie comes out. A tall Filipino with a buzz cut. He is the bass player for the Hard Riders. He leans over the railing.

CHARLIE:
Hey HR! Where the hell you been? We gotta be at soundcheck!

HR:
I know. I got held up by this uptight cat on my last tag.

(HR goes into his apartment. It is sparse. A simple bed on the floor, a sink, a window with a fire escape overlooking the city. There is a knock on the door. It is Charlie with his bike and bass case.

CHARLIE:
Come on man, we gotta go.

HR:
Christ! So much for relaxing before the gig. I should of left my rig downstairs.

(He grabs his guitar case and bike and they both head downstairs.)

DRAGO:
Ypu fellas pluggin yourself into the wall again tonight?

CHARLIE:
We gotta gig Drago

DRAGO:
You're gonna drive yourself deaf

playing at that volume. Jus' like ole Duke here.

HR:
You gotta suffer for your art.

CHARLIE:
Besides Beethoven was deaf and he did alright...

(They exit the tenement as Drago calls after them.)

DRAGO:
Art? Art? Charlie Parker, now that's art. Lester Young, now that's art.

(As he calls out, he goes back into his apartment. We catch a glimpse of it filled with old jazz posters and records.)

(HR and Charlie ride through the city to the Pink Slip Saloon. A beat up wooden club, with a flashing neon sign of a girl holding a tray of drinks. They enter the club. In the first room are pinball machines, a pool table, and a long bar with bike messengers and punk rockers sitting and drinking. They pass a second room where there is a small stage. Watts, their drummer, is setting up his kit. He is short and stocky with wild wispy hair that goes off in all directions.)

WATTS:
Where the hell you guys been, man?

HR:
No worries. We're here now.

(HR and Charlie head down a corridor and then down a long flight of stairs, towe stories underground, to a doorway that says, "Pink Slip Rehearsal Rooms." There is also a sign that says, "BANDS, YOU CANNOT SLEEP IN YOUR REHEARSAL ROOMS!" They open the door into another corridor with several rooms. One room has "Hard Rider" on it, another room says "Stillborn." They go into the ratty rehearsal room, get their amps and haul them upstairs to the stage as Watts is soundchecking his drums. HR goes into the next room to the end of the bar. He leans over.)

HR:
Weaze,! Aqua on the rocks.

(Weazel, gaunt and beady-eyed is at the other end of the bar. He fills a glass with ice water.)

WEAZEL:
Back off, comin down.

(He slides the glass of water down the long bar as each biker and punker lift their glass to let it slide under their beer. It lands perfectly in HR's palm, shaking slightly. To the right of HR, at the end of the bar we hear...

DAISY:
Wow! A hard drinkin man.

(Daisy has leaned over the bar. A comely punk rock vixen in a tight-fitting tattered white wedding dress. To her left is Dodo, a tall good- looking white guy in dreadlocks. To her left is Rocco, abeefy skinhead with scars and tattoos.)

Ya ever drink anything...harder...Hard.. Rider?

(She says it with a cynical wry smile as she is leaning over the bar. Dodo and Rocco are laughing mischievously. HR turns and gives her a hard cold stare, gulps down the water in one go and plants the glass on the bar.

HR:
On occasion.

(He turns and goes into the other room, while Daisy, Dodo and Rocco laugh.)

(Later that night the bar has filled up with people. there is a small but enthusiastic crowd in front of the Hard Riders as they rock on stage. We see Dano bobbing his head in the crowd. We pan back to the other room. At a table in the back sit Daisy Dodo and Rocco. They have a small retinue of like- dressed people hanging around them. Daisy is at the center.

DAISY:
They're pretty good. But so are a lot of bands.

(Everybody nods.)

I'm getting kinda bored. I think it's time for a little party at the Proj!

(Everyone nods their head in agreement and screams, "Party at the Proj!" They gather their bikes and head out the door. Weazel, the bartender waves goodbye. After the gig, the Hard Riders are packing up their gear. A few stragglers remain drunk at the bar. Lefty, the owner of the Pink Slip, is an older beefy Hell's Angel with a white beard. He is smoking a cigar, counting money as he approached the band.)

LEFTY:
Her's your cut. That was pretty good guys, I'm startin to book some other clubs so maybe I might give you a call.

(He goes into a back room leaving the band members staring at each other slackjawed.)

(Fade up Hard Rider Theme Song. Dissolve to credits.)

The Parking & Traffic Commission deliberating on how to stop bicyclists from using San Francisco's streets together . . .

Go Team Crash!

Go Team Red Hot!

GO SF!!

INTERNATIONAL BIKE MESSENGER RACE TORONTO '95

HIGH OCTANE SPORT WITHOUT THE STENCH

How I Nearly Killed Lemonhaid

by Trogg

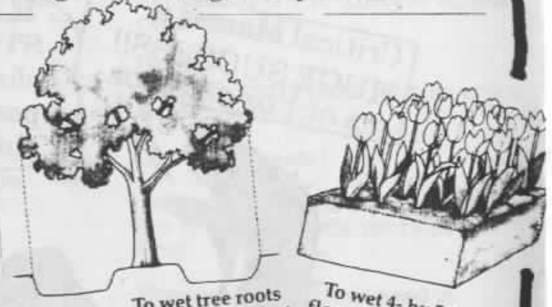
I was doing my redundant paperwork at Now Courier and noticed there were some fudge brownies left for the messengers to enjoy. So I tried a few and said, "Wow! These are good."

Lemonhaid comes up and sits down. He goes, "What are you eating?" I said, "These really good fudge brownies. Want one; here try mine." As soon as he starts to barely nibble on it, I mentioned, "The really good taste in it is the peanut butter." Suddenly he spit it out all over table. Then Markus tells me that Lemonhaid is deathly allergic to peanuts.

Luckily, he spat in the nick of time and then on the can of fudge, Markus made a little sign saying, "Lemonhaid, don't eat this. There's peanuts in this." Lemonhaid explained to me, "Yeah, if I had swallowed that I would have had to go to General to have my stomach pumped."

That's it. He spit it out and saved himself and did his redundant paperwork.

Watering to Encourage Deep Roots



	To wet tree roots to a depth of 6 feet	To wet 4- by 5-foot flower bed to a depth of 2 feet*
Clay	Fill the basin, let drain, repeat three more times.	Sprinkle for a total of 30 minutes. (If there is runo pause occasionally to l water soak in.)
Loam	Fill basin once, let drain completely, repeat.	Sprinkle bed evenly for minutes.
Sand	Fill basin once. (If water soaks in so fast the basin won't fill, leave the hose on full—5 to 10 gpm—for 10 to 15 minutes for a 25-square-foot basin.)	Sprinkle for 10 minutes sure to water the bed e from one side to the ot

Labor day 1995!

Back to the river!

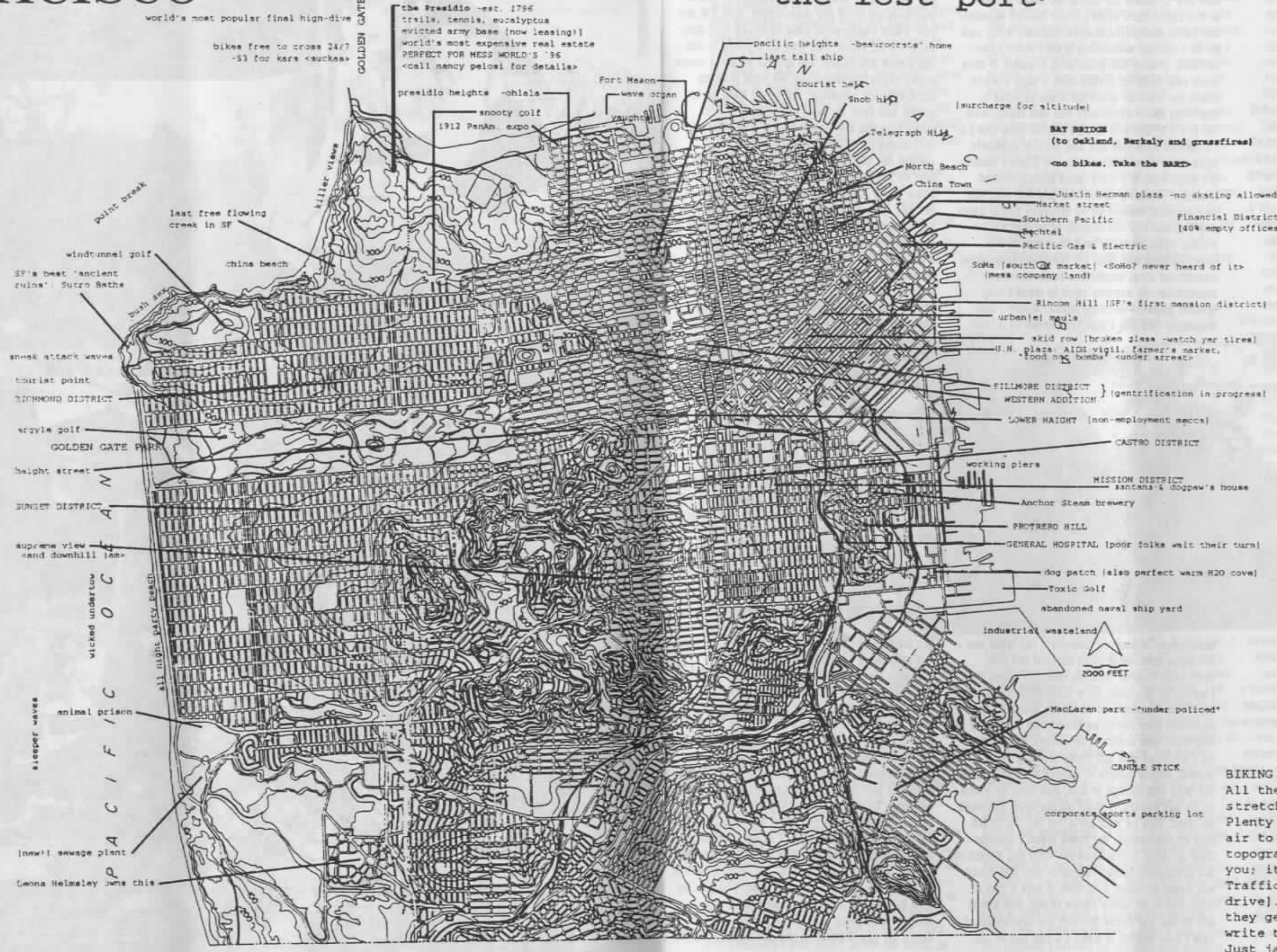
San Francisco

-the lost port[1]

49 square miles of implausable possibilities situated on a peninsula tip; the Pacific Ocean to the West, the S.F. Bay the North & East, one big graveyard to the South.

The tallest of its (fifteen?[2]) hills is over 900 feet above sea-level and the city is home to hundreds of streets with a 10-12% grade or more. No fear though, right buddy? This is the terrain of dreams of so many fortune seeking predesesors, who came here to drop a little culture and dance the hootchie coo on old EASY STREET (THE EMBARCADERO). Steam Beer still rules, and zen lunatics still ride through rain and fog at all hours. It is easy to ride everywhere, and hard to find somewhere not worth riding to.

The diversity of kultural flavor in this land is complimented by the range of microclimates between neighborhoods. A single summer day will bring fog to the sunset, a heater to the mission, a breeze in the fillmore and wind tunnel downtown.



Amidst such confusion there is an insistive sense of place.

The Bay is 400 square miles of salt H_2O (a virtual inland sea) with two main beaches and any number of smaller bays, basins, sloughs, wetlands and marches. It is the terminus of 16 rivers and drains the 60K square miles of middel Central Valley (AGRI-BIZ and their ubiquitous run-off) and hosts ten islands (including Alcatraz & Angel Island, visitable by ferry boat). The bay is habitat for everything from brine shrimp to sharks, seals and wayward whales. It is also a major stopover for migratory birds. The entire bay ecosystem is under constant assault by the foul encroachment of industrial development. The bay dramatically whooshes back and forth with the Pacific Ocean, through the narrow strait of the Golden Gate; making for world class fog and excelent bridge jumping.

- JOE COURIER
& D. GIDEON

BIKING SF:
All the pavement you could ever ride and stretches of staircases you maybe shouldn't. Plenty of death defying descents and much air to catch. Outsiders may dread our topography, but it's not the hills that get you; it's the wind. Have gears -will climb. Traffic is simple here [*nobody* knows how to drive]. Buses will cut you off every chance they get, and fat motorcycle cops like to write tickets, but don't let that stop you. Just jam that oversized flat in your bag and let the wind blow at your back.

1- For two centuries, navigators and adventurers like Cabrillo, Drake, Cermeno, Vancouver and Vizcaino sailed up the west coast of the North American Continent and failed to find the port (S.F. Bay)

2- One intrepid local cyclist has tallied an ironic total of 49 actual hills within city limits.

I Saw The Whole Thing

I was sitting in my usual spot at Stockton and Market next to the hot dog wagon, with my sign out and a half full McDonald's cup in front of that. I was just sitting there, watching the man up the street who wears a sandwich board with biblical writing front and back like he's advertising for God, which I guess he is if you think about it. He's there just about every day, standing motionless and quiet, not saying anything to anybody, not jumping in front of anybody and forcing them to read his sign, not waving a Bible around, not anything. He just stands there with a stern look on his face hoping somebody will read his sign and maybe take it seriously. Sometimes in the afternoon he gets tired of standing in the same place with that sign over his shoulders, I mean the thing must weigh thirty pounds, and he st2arts rocking back and forth on his feet, shifting his weight around from side to side, heal to toe, that sort of thing. Well he was doing that, and I was passing the time watching him, and I could tell his mind wasn"t much on saving souls. He was thinking about what time it was, what he was going to do once he got that sign off his shoulders, what he was going to eat, what he was going to drink, maybe who he was going to eat and drink it with, the same thing we all think about at four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. I found myself wondering about the man, you know, why he stands on Market Street every day with a sign over his shoulders? I mean what's he get out of it? I can look in my cup anytime and tell you how my day's going, but how can he tell? How can he tell if he's helping anybody? How can he tell if he's helping himself He doesn't even talk to anybody. Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great, the sign says, she who has made all the nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. Come out of her my people - says the Lord - that you may not participate in her sins and that you may not receive of her plagues. I just don't get it, no matter how much I think about it, and I think about it a lot. It's hard not to when the guy's out there every day. SO there I was thinking about this guy, and his God and his heaven and his Bible, and I was wondering if I did believe in a God, would it be the same God as this guy's, would we share the same heaven, or the same hell? Then I found myself wondering about his brown loafers, rocking back and forth. I started wondering if they were comfortable, if they had good arch support, if they were real leather, if they took a long time to break in, if shoes were his main priority in life? You know everybody has one thing, with me it's a it' the one thing I bought new and I p I I figured with this guy and what h probably buys nice, comfortable shoes. I know I would if I were him- It s y my rnind jumps around Like that thinking about God and the afterlife and the next minute III be thinking about some guy's shoes and the minute after that I'll be asking some pedestrian if they can spare some change and then I'll start thinking about something else, maybe the Forty-niners or something- So anyway back to what I was talking about in the first place. While I was watching this guy I was distracted by a bike

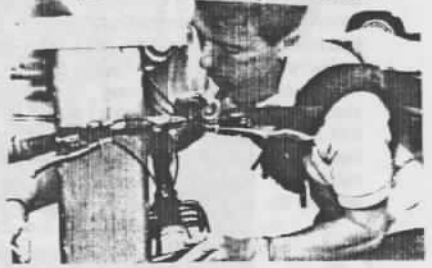
messenger, barreling through a red light and a crowded crosswalk right outside the San Francisco Center. Nothing unusual about that, I see it all the time, bike messengers weaving their way through the shopping crowd, but normally they speed up Market on their stay to City Hall, and cruise slowly back downtown. So I watched this guy come through the crowd, with a couple of people jumping out of the way and yelling at him, and then he stood up on his pedals, a snarl on his face, his neck all tight, like he was sprinting for the finish line or something, but there wasn't another bike in sight. A few seconds later the crowd in the crosswalk began to scurry and this black car came through. 1 thought it was a cop at first, and it all made sense to me, you know. But as the car came through the crosswalk. I saw I was wrong. It wasn't a cop car at all, but a brand new, black Mercedes coupe, one of those that go for eighty grand or something and hearing its motor was revving all, and it was closing in on the messenger. And 1'll tell you, I don't care what kind of shape that messenger's in, there's no way he s going to out run a new Mercedes, not unless he does some pretty fancy maneuvering. He kept looking back over his shoulder, riding as hard as he could, and then he swerved around a bus. going into the oncoming lanes, and I thought that might do it, but the car swened right around the bus too, not looking or anything, like he knew there would be no traffic, like he knew there wasn't a cop on the other side of the bus, like he knew there were no people crossing the street. I was thinking, man that guy must be pissed, driving as crazy as he was, and then I started wondering what the messenger did to get the guy that pissed. I've been on these streets a while now and I8re seen some messengers do some crazy shit, shit that would piss me off if I were driving. but this guy was driving like a fucking maniac, doing shit that could get him killed, that could get some innocent bystander like me killed, and if I could have said something to the guy right then, you know if I was sitting in the passenger seat or something, I would have told him to just roll down the window and yell at the guy, get the whole thing over with. Call him an asshole, a bastard, a fucking prick, and then go on about your day. I stood up at this point to get a better view and hitched up my pants. The Mercedes gained ground, and the messenger kept riding as hard as he could but he couldn't make any sudden moves because he was between the metro tracks, and those things will catch their tires and send them crashing if they're not careful. IVe seen it happen a hundred times. One minute they'll be riding upright, and the next thing you know they'll be on their ass, sliding on the pavernent, especially when it rains. So he couldn't turn and the guy kept gaining on him, and then he got stuck right in front of me at Fourth Street with a red light and heavy traffic. He slowed down a bit, I'm sure weighing his options, maybe thinking he could hop the tracks, make a sudden right, or swerve left up Stockton against traffic, and it looked like he was just about to make a move when the Mercedes plowed into him from behind. We could all see it coming, the car closing in, the

messenger not sure where to turn, but when contact was actually made I think everyone was surprised the guy actually ran him down. The Mercedes stopped with the bicycle half way beneath it, and everything seemed to stop, except for the spinning front wheel of the bike. It was like a movie, you know, slow motion or freeze frame at the climax of the action. The guy on the ground laid there for a second, then he got up slowly, turned around and looked at his bicycle. I don't know much about bicycles, but it looked like a real expensive one,all shiny red and aluminum, and I figured that's probably what he spends all his money on, you know, hirn being a messenger his bike's probably the one thing he really cares about. Then I looked over at the guy in the Mercedes. Both his hands were on the top of the steering wheel, squeezing tightly. His eyes were wide and surprised, like he didn't know what was happening, and I don't think he really did know what was happening. I think he freaked out and was just then coming to the realization that he'd run somebody down, that he'd tried to kill somebody. The messenger looked at his bike for at least thirty seconds, he didn't pick it up or touch it or anything, he just stood there looking at it, and I could see he was getting pissed, his Rsts were clenched and all the muscles in his face were tight, that sort of thing. Then he walked over and opened the driver's door. The guy didn't have it locked or anything, he was just sitting in the black leather seat with his seat belt on and the music playing, still with that surprised look on his face. So the messenger grabs the guy around the neck and starts choking him, and the guy couldn't really do anything, pinned in as he was by the seat belt, and I think by the time he realized he was being choked, he couldn't breath. We messenger probably wasn't trying to kill the guy, but the thing is, when you start fucking around with somebody's neck, start cutting off the air to their head, you don't know what's going to happen. Just a couple of weeks ago a cop killed a guy using the choke hold, and I'm sure he didn't mean to kill the guy, it just happened, a little too much adrenaline, a little too much anger. The guy in the Mercedes must have thought he was going to die, you know. You ever choke on something or had the wind knocked out of you? I have and I thought I was going to die for sure. So I'm watching all this, thinking the guy may die, but I just stood there watching, not making a move to do anything, not trying to call the messenger off, not trying to find any help. It may sound cold and all, but the truth is, I didn't care what happened. I just wanted to watch. One less guy in a Mercedes, or one less bike messenger in the world is no big deal to me. I'm not one of those people who run around saying every human life is sacred, and all that crap. Here's something like six billion people in the world, how can we all be sacred? I didn't want either of them to die, but I didn't care if they did. It was just entertainment to me, something to break up the monotony of day, something to talk about for the next couple of weeks. Finally, a lobby guard came running out of a building across

the street and grabbed hold of the messenger's shoulders. The messenger craned his head around, and I guess he recognized this guard because he let go, threw his hands in the air. and took a step back. men the cops showed up, and of course the first thing they do is push the messenger away from the car. Then they start talking to the guy in the car. I couldn't hear the conversation but I'm sure he skipped over a lot. After that they go over to the messenger and say a few things. The messenger starts talking and pointing at his bicycle and the car, and then he points up the street, and then all of the sudden he points at me and says: Ask him, he saw the whole thing. I swear to God that was the only thing I heard clearly the whole tirne. So the cops all look at me, and one of them, I guess the leader of the group, waves me over. I almost hated the messenger at that point, involving me in something I had nothing to do with, pointing me out to the cops like I would automatically be on his side, like it was him and I against the guy in the Mercedes and the cops, like it was hirn and I against the system. Fuck you. I wanted to say. I didn't see a thing. But instead I picked up my cup and walked across the street. There were three cops in all, a fat guy with a gray mustache who rode up on a motorcycle and two other guys who came in a car. Did you see what happened? the fat cop asked. Yeah, I told him, I saw the whole thing. Then I paused, thinking I could tell them anything, something completely different from what I saw if I felt like it. I don't know what the point would have been, but whenever I talk to cops, I start thinking about lying, I start thinking about what they want to hear, I start thinking about what to say to get me out of what they're talking to me for. And? the fat cop said. This guy here, I said, pointing at the guy with the Mercedes, ran a red light and swerved around a bus chasing this guy down, and then hit him. And? the fat cop said again. And that's it, I said. That's what happened. That's what I saw. OK, the fat cop said, you can go. Which was fine by me. I was curious but I hate being around cops. You know, I always feel like at any moment they could slap the cuffs on and take me away, even if I haven't done anything. So I walked back across the street, sat down and rearranged my sign and cup.

the cops, the messenger, and the guy in the Mercedes talked for a few more minutes, then the guy in the Mercedes pulled out his wallet, handed the messenger a wad of cash, got in his car and drove away. The two cops climbed in their car, and the fat one got back on his motorcycle and headed down Market. The messenger put his bike over his shoulder, crossed the street, and handed me a five dollar bill. Thanks, he said. I took the money and shrugged my shoulders. Your're welcome, I said. I watched him head up Market until he passed the man with the sandwich board. Then I started thinking about how everything comes down to money these days, you know, everything's got a price. The guy in the Mercedes tried to kill this messenger, and the messenger just ends up taking money from the guy like it was all in a day's work. And then, all of the sudden, I started thinking about getting something to eat.

Casey McNamara



Perhaps You Should Use Fabric Softener *By John Nakagawa*

I was in the laundromat one afternoon, thinking laundry day thoughts. While I was unloading the drier, I started to feel watched. There was someone standing next to my basket watching me unload my laundry. I tried to ignore her; it was the young red headed woman I noticed was looking at me on the way in.

"Wow," she said finally. "You have a lot of laundry there." I looked at the laundry and I looked at her, unsure of what to say. Half of it was my girlfriend's laundry. What exactly was she trying to say to me?

"You just did laundry a few days ago." She continued. I asked myself whether this was true, trying to remember when I last did laundry. Did I talk to her and completely forget? Was I fucked up and rambling at her? I couldn't remember. It was an embarrassing situation.

"A few days ago?" I asked.

"Maybe it was last week," she said.

"Yah, it was probably last week."

She was looking down at my basket. I was unloading some colorful woman's underwear. I also noticed a few pin striped uniform shirts in the basket—the shirts my company requires me to wear, and clean.

"I remember you unloading those shirts, and that I recognized them. You work for Meticulous Messenger. We use them where I work. I've seen you at my office before."

"Yah, I do work for Meticulous." I said. "I'm an M n' M." It wasn't a fact I was very happy about, just then.

How much longer would this stillborn conversation continue? I was getting the feeling that she might be a lonely southerner. Her manner of speaking seemed to be covering some kind of accent, as if she were making an effort to talk like people in these parts talk. If she was from the South, then she might not understand that it was nothing personal, but I just didn't feel like talking with her at the moment.

Then, for seemingly no reason at all, I had a radical change of heart. I realized that I might have been a little uptight and self-centered. It dawned on me that if I would just be a little more open for the moment, I might find her an interesting person to talk to. But I didn't end up hearing much about her.

"I am a bike messenger." I said. "Just before coming here to do my laundry, I had a long talk on the phone with my mother on the topic. She can't understand why I am a bike messenger. She says I should be doing more with my life, or at least want to do more. At the time, it sounded to me like she was saying that bike messengers were losers, and therefore I was one too. I tried to explain it to her. But she kept reaching back to the sixties to try to understand it from the perspective of being young. She told me: 'You're riding around the city, looking at things. But what you're really looking for is yourself. You're riding around in the city where you grew up, still looking for yourself.'"

I looked up at the young red headed woman. She looked uncertain. I thought perhaps she wasn't drawn into the story yet. She'd get over her surprise if I continued my story. I continued:

"My mother was right in a sense she didn't even understand. You see, she meant that I've been spending all this time 'looking for myself' as in asking myself who I am, or some such garbage. But I've literally been looking for myself. I have seen myself, or someone who looks exactly like myself many times. I mean that quite literally, you understand." She nodded.

"There is an exact duplicate of myself around town. There could be more than one for all I know, because he looks exactly like me. Some times he picks up my deliveries before I get there. I almost got fired once because he picked up a package I was supposed to get and then he didn't deliver it! I told the boss I didn't pick up the package, but the guy in the mail room told him that it was me, that I signed the package out in the log book. He described me exactly. There was no way of talking myself out of the situation.

"I've been seeing my duplicate at work and off work every once in a while for about four months now. My messenger number is 'one-o-nine' but other messengers call me 'ten-nine' because that's messenger code for 'could you repeat that please?' They see me come around and then leave, and then my duplicate comes by. They think they end up telling me everything twice. Everything twice." She smiled. She had a pretty smile. "One day I lost my radio, and he found it. Now, he answers for me on the radio. He sounds like me too. He's trying to take over my life. He wants to take over my job, my room, my friendships, everything."

I addressed her more directly for a moment. "Now you're telling me that I was here a few days ago, but I don't remember. So I am wondering if you have simply mistaken me for someone else, which happened to me a lot even before the duplicate. But that's not it, because you remember the shirts, and there's no one at work who looks like me. In a way I'm relieved that you see him too. But if that's true, it means that he has some work uniforms now. I have no idea how he could have got them. It could also mean that he's bee using my shirts, and washing them too. H could be in and out of my house all the tim now.

"That would be bad, because I hear he's not great person. The stories I hear about hi make him sound petty and narrow-minded. would say that he's a bad person. Not th he's malicious, he's just someone I wouldn really like to hang around with. That's why I'n trying to find him. I have to stop him. An let's face it; I have to do it myself, becaus nobody else would believe me.

"Anyway, to answer your question, last night went to a party. It seemed I was getting th cold shoulder from most of the people I kne there. When I was riding my bike hom something weird happened. I was ridin alone down a dark, deserted industrial stree When I was only a little ways home, I saw m duplicate sitting on my bike, under a stree light, looking back at me. He had this con temptible, sneering grin on his face. Then h took off. I chased him almost ten blocks. caught up with him on Seventh street while h was crossing Bryant; you know, right at th freeway off ramp. He ran the red light and followed him. I got right up behind him an as I reached over to grab him..." I couldn't fin the words to describe it to her.

"Then everything went quiet for a microse ond, and it seemed to me that I rode right in his body. That's the only way I can describe i "That's the last thing I remember about la night. This morning the phone woke me u and it was my mother. So you'll forgive me i act a little confused."

I looked up at her. The expression on her fa also confused me. I couldn't quite read it.

"Wow," she said noncommittally. "What trip."

"Yah."

We both stood there looking at one anoth for a long moment. I stuck my thumbs into m pants pockets, and looked down at my lau dry basket. The fly on my pants was wid open.

The timer on the drier behind me chirpe "Excuse me," she said smiling. "My drying done." I excused myself and got out of h way.

I turned back to her while she was unloadin the drier and introduced myself. "My name Tim, by the way."

"Mine's Mary."

"Well, I guess I'll see you around, Mary."

"See you later, Tim."

END

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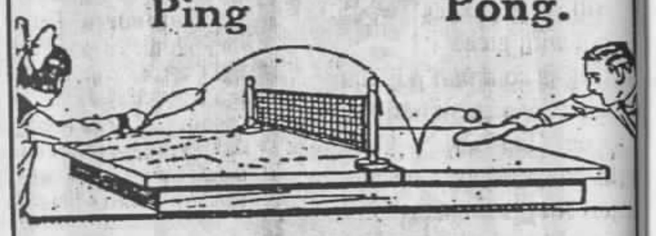

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SFBMA

The Drive-Away Trip
by Stuart Coulthard

Need to go far, fast, cheap? A drive-away car might be the best answer. (That is, if you can stand being responsible the murder of several feathered and furry creatures, and zillions of insects.) Several companies in the bay area serve as agents for people who want their cars driven across the country. As a driver, all you have to pay for is the gas.

My friends John, Kelly, Dave and I headed out of the fog-covered City with a cooler of liquid refreshments and a pile of AAA maps. Just inside Arizona we turned left onto Route 66, and stopped to marvel at the body of an old Chevy, rusted and riddled with hundreds of bullet holes. We hung out with the saloon owner in Oatman (a touristy ghost town) where mules from the old silver mines freely range. The saloon was pretty cool, with an old hotel upstairs where Clark Gable and Carole Lombard spent some of their honeymoon. The walls of the saloon were covered in dollar bills with people's names scribbled on them, some dating back to the 1950s. At the bar was an old timer playing blues harp who kept us entertained while we drank down our beers. On our way we saw the twisted Joshua Trees, a dead scorpion at a gas station, brand new beautiful State prisons (*definitely* a growth industry in this country).

The southern plains of New Mexico were haunted with boarded-up buildings, ripped awnings flapping in the wind and rusted autos. In Roswell NM—UFO capital of the US, just miles from the famed UFO crash landing in 1947—we found to our dismay that we were two days too early for the annual UFO Convention. The citizens were celebrating the upcoming convention with great regalia, including placing little green men on front lawns, and flying saucers in their windows.

We stopped at as many hysterical markers as we could manage. The ones in Texas *all* had bullet holes, making them nearly impossible to read, which was OK anyway because they usually commemorated some stupid military battle or something great about TEXAS! We saw too many spectacular thunderstorms, one of which prompted a real live version of the Emergency Broadcast System, that familiar tone that until then we had always heard preceded with "the following is a test of..." In this case, the announcer warned us not to drive on the roads in the next county over, because we'd be flooded if we tried.

We rolled into New Orleans on a Friday evening longing for some good beer and jazz. We satisfied both our hungers downing some brew while listening to a hot jazz band at Preservation Hall for a mere three bucks. The next morning found us recovering on a gulf beach outside Biloxi Mississippi after a hellish night in the car: eighty degrees, ninety percent humidity, four people trying to get to Nod with the windows wound up cause of the rain, stuck at a rest stop waiting out a thunderstorm. After a dip in the gulf we headed north past plantation houses that stood huge and starkly white against the greens and browns of the magnolias laden with spanish moss.

We went through the Bible-belted Blue Law Regions beerless, chomping on peanuts and Georgia peaches. In Montgomery Alabama we stopped to see the Civil Rights Memorial, a powerful monument to the forty lives lost in the fight against racism, next to which stands a sentry who guards the monument 24 hours a day—a living testimonial to just how bad things still are. The memorial was designed Maya Y. Lin, the woman that also designed the Vietnam Memorial in D.C.

The 4th of July was spent in Washington, D.C. where we witnessed the fireworks exploding like a psychedelic ejaculation above the National Phallic Symbol.

While in DC we visited Potomac Pedicab, a business run cooperatively (yeah, right!) by a couple of bicycle activists. Courtesy of former SF activist Peter Meitzler, Dave and I enjoyed a sweet tour in gentle rain through the streets of Adams Morgan, a D.C. neighborhood, in one of these elegant machines—21-speeds, turn signals, comfy seats, and a canopy for the passengers. We also saw a cool sign in D.C.: "Bikes Allowed Use of Full Lane," it said.

Our drive-away car for the journey home was a convertible—not the best kind of car to come across country in. It was so loud we had to shout at each other to be heard and whenever we encountered a thundershower, which was often, we got rained on through a leak in the roof. The way home was faster, punctuated with short visits, including a stop at a Boot Hill Cemetery, where dead pioneers lie buried in their boots beside dead "Indians," all the same in the end. Just outside Salt Lake City we ran into 60 mph winds with tumbleweeds rocketing across I-80. We skewered two tumbleweeds in our front grill. Now they are tumbletwigs, one of which I removed from the grill in Nevada and took home as a souvenir. We lost the last of the trip money in Reno.

LONDON CMC '94

For me, a major highlight of CMC '94 was the Critical Mass-style ride we had through the streets of London on the last day. It started with an impromptu ceremony at a great sculpture that was made to commemorate those who have died as a result of our job. Some poetry and a moment of silence put everyone in this fantastically *together* state of mind for our hours-long ride through the streets of London. We were a family!

The cops didn't quite know how to deal with us. They arrested a couple; I'll never forget the intense sports drama as they chased our own Victor around Trafalgar Square. Some tourists were pretty scared.

--Fur

LONDON CMC '94

Now Courier's Joe Smith rode hard.

Denise of Lightning chills out at the espresso truck

Eric Zones slams into easy victory in the Cargo Classic.

Date: 28 Jul 95 08:22:07 -0500
From: William Henderson <william@gryn.org>
To: messengers@cycling.org
Subject: World Champs, Toronto

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 11
=================

Registration and Competitors' Welcome Training Session (No self respecting Messenger goes to work without a HangOver, Right? So hang out at Standby Cafe on Temperance Street, One block South of Richmond, Just off Yonge)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12
===================

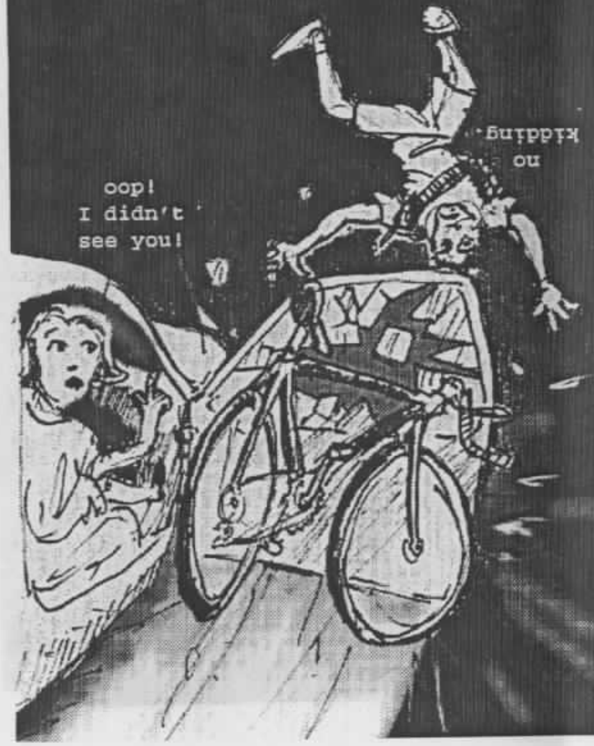
All events start on Liberty Street, between Fraser and Jefferson

0900 - 0945	Heat 1
1000 - 1045	Heat 2
1100 - 1145	Heat 3
1200 - 1245	Heat 4
1300 - 1345	Heat 5
1400 - 1445	Heat 6
1500 - 1545	Heat 7
1600 - 1645	Heat 8
1700 - 1745	Heat 9
1800 - 1845	Heat 10

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13
=================

1200 - 1700	Cargo Bike Competition	Route to be announced
1200 - 1300	Sprint - Round 1	Liberty Street, Hanna to Fraser
1300 - 1600	Final Championship Race	Liberty Street, Fraser to Jefferson
1600 - 1700	Sprint - Round 2	Liberty Street, Hanna to Fraser
Time to be announced	TRIALS Competition	Route to be Announced

¿Will they ever learn?



22517. No person shall open the door of a vehicle on the side available to moving traffic unless it is reasonably safe to do so and can be done without interfering with the movement of such traffic, nor shall any person leave a door open upon the side of a vehicle available to moving traffic for a period of time longer than necessary to load or unload passengers.

-california vehicle code

door (dōr, dôr)
2. *slang.* v. to strike (a passing bicyclist for example) by suddenly opening a vehicular door.

-American Heritage Dictionary

COPS AND COURIERS
A SIX CITY OVERVIEW BY REBECCA REILLY!

Riding a Greyhound across New York State, the woman seated next to me told me that every Sunday she lit a candle in church for the "boys in blue." She saw them as courageous for always going into the mouth of danger. In the six cities I have messengered in, I rarely meet people who wholeheartedly share her sympathy.

In D.C., the first city where I worked as a messenger; it was unusual for police to come after messengers for traffic violations. More commonly they would show up at Dupont Circle when a lot of messengers were congregated after work. They would come with their paddy wagons and begin busting the unwary for drinking in public, possession of drugs and possession of an unregistered bike. Unregistered bikes were then thrown in the paddy wagon. Some police had been known to double- lock a courier's bike. Since other couriers double- locked to collect debts, one had no way of knowing if the owner of the extra lock wanted $20 or to make a bust.

There were also undercover bike cops. They were too clean, always standing-by in the wrong places and never talking to any friends. So they were easy to spot.

Chicago, my second city, is easy to break traffic laws in due to the density of traffic and the fact that everyone participates in the free-for-all. But, like most things in Chicago, things can turn ugly in a hurry. A velocity rider was riding N. Michigan when a car behind him honked. He gave the car the finger. The driver sped up and began cursing the rider out. The verbal fight escalated until the messenger invited the driver out of the car for a fight. There they stood in the alley. The messenger dumping his bike and bag, preparing to finish things when the tables were turned and in a split second, the rider rendered completely powerless. The driver took out his badge. Entrapment, but good luck if you have no witnesses. Before the officer was pulled away on official business, he told the messenger, "I'm going to be looking for you on the street. When I see you I'm going to kill you. And you know what? There's not a damn thing you can do about it."

The next city, Houston, was low key, however, police brutality seemed to be a fact of life. My advice from other messengers was something like this, "You'd better say "Yes, sir," then the bending won't be so hard." Houston's messengers were not bigger troublemakers than say the messengers in D. C. or Portland, but there were and inordinate number of them on probation. They were pulled over often; cited nearly every time. The court system had no sympathy for them so they found it difficult to put out $150 per ticket. After a certain amount of time, a warrant

COPS AND COURIERS

would be made for their arrest from nonpayment of tickets, so the next time they got pulled over they spent the night in jail. I had messengered in two cities for two years and in that time I was pulled over once. I was in Houston for three months and I was pulled over three times and once threatened with imprisonment.

Denver was city number four for me. It was there that I witnessed an ongoing dialogue between the city government and the bike messengers. It all started when J– Bone arrived from eight years messengering in San Francisco. Right away he detected a paranoia among the messengers and rampant discrimination from the police. Upon witnessing one officer who sat in wait at the busiest messenger intersection in town pulling over messengers all day, J–Bone pulled his quarterly reports. He went to the chief of police, demanding that the police back off in light of the fact that he had enough evidence for a selective harassment suit.

In Seattle, the messengers joked that if someone was pulled over by a motorcycle officer, three things were sure: You'd get a lecture; You'd get a ticket; and the officer would have a moustache, even if it was a woman. Police forces around the country send teams to Seattle because they have the best bike patrol in the world. Indeed, the boldest maneuver I've ever heard of or seen from a bike cop happened in Seattle. He flew down Seneca Hill blowing his whistle. When he reached the car, he slapped it with his open hand and yelled, "Pull over!" Seattle's messenger's had more respect for the bike cops than the motorcycle cops. One Seattle messenger remembered a bike cop telling him, "If you see us, just don't break the law right there in front of us, or else we have to bust you, honestly we understand—we really don't want to bust you." In the case of motorized patrols, pursuit sometimes borders on the ridiculous. One motorcycle cop wrecked his bike on a curb chasing an ABC rider. Many others have broken various laws, driven on sidewalks, all in pursuit of that light running fiend.

San Francisco is easy to avoid police in. Traffic is dense and there are a myriad of alleys to get lost in. When messenger and cop meet , the lines of justice get murky. The most striking recent example that comes to mind is of an incident in the Tenderloin. One messenger pulled over for running a red light. Another messenger arrives to switch packages. Upon seeing the injustice of ticketing of his friend and colleague in such a cesspit of illegal activity. The second messenger inquires as to the seriousness of the firsts' offense seeing that there were other things of greater importance that needed more attention. After having switched packages and satisfied that he got to put his two cents in, he started on his way. The officer yelled for him to stop, pulled him from his bike, flung him into the side of a car and handcuffed him tightly enough that he was left with multiple cuts on his wrists. His offense to evoke such brutal treatment? He didn't have a license plate on his bike.

A candle lit for sympathy. How about a candle for hope. Hope that one day the fair cops are the ones people tell stories about.

Study guitar with Sal Roz of Bad Habit! Call 821-7842 eves. A great opportunity

reprinted from Mini Rag Express featuring Hero in The Dark, in Blacklist Underground Comix. Thanks Lance! - eds

bandit races

Will the next Messenger World Championships be held in SF? Only time will tell, but we took a baby step in holding a wild and grueling bandit race on July 21st. We could probably never gain civic approval for a course of such size, but East Coast style track bike jockeys would never be able to handle the hills anyway. The last thing we want is the world's messenger community crying foul. What we do know is that nobody can top us in party throwing capability, so let's get the CMWC here in 96! Maybe a scenic 49 miler <with the messenger universe> after the races would get us some respect.

OK, enough of the lobbying effort. Congrats to Domey, winner of that friday's pseudo-prologue to Toronto's August '95 CMWC. He took home about 25 bucks from the winner's purse after finishing the course in 41 minutes.

for the unknowing, the race consisted of 7 checkpoints around the city: the LeMans- style [run to your bike] start at South Park, then to 18th and Texas on Po-tro hill, on to Powell BART, through the Stock-tunnel, past the Washington square statue, back to Powell and Market, on to the 500 block of Valencia, next to Boom's house @ Haight and Fillmore, and the merciful finish at the Mission Rock in China Basin.

Approximately 28 pacers plunked down 8 bits each to test their mettle after (for most) a full friday's work. Nobody got hurt (excepting perhaps some Powell St. tourists suffering from wheel-to-the head> despite the apparent madness that pride and $20 can inspire. At the finish, there was nothing but smiles and shaking heads as riders compared routes and stories of what they saw (insert name of crazy asshole messenger here) do.

We partied the Rock silly with STD, the Proj, Rodney Kingston Trio, Men's Club <rad set>, and Spot 10.19 soothing our savagery with some of SF's best sets/lineup of the year. Many Special kudos: to Elizabeth of Splickety Lit, and the Bullet's 8-Oh<!> Rebecca, the field's only women [both last seen far ahead of your humble(d) journalist]; Mike from Western had the first messenger bag across the finish; and Jeremy, also of Silver Bullshit, crossed the line first among non-road framers.

Top style points to Wiggy, another proud Bulleteer, for walking to his bike at the start, having a beer at every check (allegedly) wandering around 16th in search of th Moshin' Rock for half an hour, and finally throwing his bike across the finish line, winning the race in my book. Negative in style was Menage á Clown with their blinding race jerseys and a wholly unacceptable lack of ZO bags. Faux pas! I think that all three were in the top four, so I can't give `em too much grief. Cheers, and see ya next year! -Jim Kaiser

UNOFFICIAL TOP 8

1. DOMEY
2. KEVIN
3. DEVLIN
4. ALEX
5. NORM
6. LIPS
7. MIKE
8. JEREMY

THE COVERED WAGON SALOON
CWS
SALOON
WEDNESDAYS
FASTER PUSSYCAT!
CHERALEE DILLON • HAIL MARYS
THURSDAYS
TAINTED LOVE CLUB
W/ DJ SKIP FROM NEW WAVE CITY
FRIDAYS
DJ JOHN ESSEN'S
LOOSE GROOVES OF THE 70S
DISTURBING THE PEACE
& DJ SWAILS
SATURDAYS
CLUB FRED WITH DJ ANDY T.
SUNDAYS
MUFF DIVE–A DIVE FOR DYKES
MONDAYS
ESSENTIALS
FUNK & SOUL WITH DJ PAUSE
TUESDAYS
DJ THE BISHOP–PUNK AS F*CK
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GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

wake: aaargh
fantasize that alarm clock is alive, sentient, malicious, and dream of killing it, but
banana, banana
stretch
thinking of coffee
rocketing down Golden Gate so quiet i can hear the lights change
heartbeat pumps my head into a balloon and the pulse is laughter

the things that my legs do make the rest of me do something that doesn't stop even
when my legs stop so it's very hard to downshift far enough to say sign here please
the elevator never goes down
the streets rise to my floor
streets of grape taffy
bubbles cling to the walls of the buildings
and everybody is wearing a funny hat

pu del
pu pu pu del del

im not sure but
i think i even laugh in my sleep

- j. mulholland

"HEARTBREAK-HEADACHE"
(C) (P) 1980 ROZZMUZE
By SAL ROZ

LET ME TELL YOU BOUT A GIRL
THAT I ONCE KNEW,
PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN
SO IT DON'T HAPPEN TO YOU...

SHE CHASED ME WITH A KNIFE
TRIED TO TAKE MY LIFE
SHE WORKED HERSELF UP,
SHE WORKED HERSELF DOWN ,,
SHE WAS SO SO BLUE
PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN
SO IT DON'T HAPPEN TO YOU...

SHE SAID SHE GAVE HER HEART
I DIDN'T GIVE MINE BACK,
IWWAS SURE SHE WAS HAVING A
SOCIAL ATTACK
SHE WANTED A COMMITMENT BUT I
COULDN'T SAY,
MAYBE TOMMORROW,
BUT NOT TODAY,
SO SHE......
CHASED ME WITH A KNIFE
TRIED TO TAKE MY LIFE
SHE WORKED HERSELF UP,
SHE WORKED HERSELF DOWN,
SHE WAS SO SO BLUE
PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN
SO IT DON'T HAPPEN TO YOU.......

Pedal for the Planet

E.T.A.

c 1993 by L. Sid

IT'S COLD AND WET
ON A 4-LANE TOXIC PARKING LOT CALLED PINE ST.
BUT WHY IS EVERYBODY SUCH A BEAST?
2-TON CARS AND 10-TON TRUCKS CAREEN WILDLY
JUMPING LANES AND SLAMMING ON THE BRAKES
AND AS THE ANIMALS CHAFE IN THE CAGES THEY BOUGHT
WAITING FOR THE COLOR TO CHANGE
THE 2-WHEELED GHOST EXPLODES THROUGH THE STATIC SCENC
BREAKS FREE FOR ALL TO SEE--BUT YOU AND I KNOW SHE'S A SLAVE
THERE'LL BE NO PROJ NEXT WEEK
SHE CAN'T FACE HARVEY WOO IF SHE DON'T GET SOME MORE GRAVY
VELOCITY RESHAPES HER FACE
SHE'S HOLDING 4, SHE WANTS SOME MORE BUT THE NUMO'S BURNING UP
AND THE MAN IN HER RADIO CALLS

13, 13! WHAT'S YOUR E.T.A. TO NUMO?
THAT LAWYER'S STARTING TO SCREAM!
CHECK HOLDING 3
10-4
SHE SAILS THE MONOXIDE WIND ON A WAVY ASPHALT SEA
SHE GREW UP TO BE MESSENGER 13

HER HEART'S ALL BUNGIED DOWN TO HER POWERFUL FRAME
AS SHE TAKES THE LANE SHE STAKES A CLAIM
ON A SHAFT OF MOVING SPACE
A BEAMER INVADES AND NOW SHE'S IN SOME BANKER'S FACE, SAYING
YO! WHATCHYOU WANNA KILL ME FOR?
HE SCREAMS, "FUCK OFF AND DIE!"
SO SHE HOCKS A HUNK OF LUNG-BUTTER AND IT LANDS HIM IN THE EYE
AND AS THE RAIN RESUMES, SHE LEAVES HIM IN HIS CLOUD OF FUMES
NOW GLIDING AMONG THE HURLING HUNKS OF STEEL
SHE PONDERS HOW FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE IS GAME
THAT GETS A BIT TOO REAL
AND SHE WONDERS WHY SHE PLAYS
AND AS SHE'S BLOWING THE LIGHT AT CAL AND SANSOME
THE MAN IN HER RADIO'S CALLING

13,13! DON'T GET HELD UP AT D.C.
I'M SITTING ON A HOT ZONE 3!
CHECK 'TROS TO GO
10-4
SHE SAILS THE MONOXIDE WIND ON A WAVY ASPHALT SEA
SHE GREW UP TO BE MESSENGER 13

13,13! IT'S A LONG, LONG DAY FOR YOU, 13
PICK UP THOSE 19 AND CHECK ME CLEAN, 13, 13...

Sometimes

Sometimes,
When I pedal past
A store front window
I gaze at my reflection
From the corner of my eye,
Gliding through
Smartly dressed man-
nequins,
Flowered vases and crystal
glasses,
Vacuum cleaners and
microwave ovens,
Like a silent specter
In a midnight movie.

And sometimes,
When I see
My dirty blond hair in the
afternoon breeze,
And the gleam of sweat
On my tan legs and arms,
And My green tattoo
Beneath a short black
sleeve,
I smile and think to myself:
I look pretty cool.

the box

i almost always take my shades off in the elevator

slamming through 2 ec at street level the guard jumped in front to stop me and i swerved and he grabbed my arm and i stopped.
what the hell are you trying to do i said, wipe me out? (not even close but i was pissed) and he said
if you hit somebody coming through here its my ass youve been doing this long enough to know better, and i half-lied
ive been working five days, and he said with a face that looked like it was made out of hammered metal
that's four days too long

people are so predictable. elevators, sidewalks, confrontations. maintain distance avert your eyes unless you want them as weapons but
then again sometimes shockingly someone remembers something so elemental that it cannot be touched with words and you thought you were the last one who

...when i came out he was looking for me. im really sorry he said.
its just that my wife just had a baby and if anything happens at work i get three days off and i cant afford three days off right now but what i did was wrong and i just want to say that i really am sorry and i said (his face was so changed i lost my how to speak)

thats okay

(because the patterns run deeper than traffic flow and timed lights, wired into our brains and we like pavlov's dog drool and separate and hate along lines of familiarity and fear and the forms are more rigid and far-reaching than the sick serration of triple five Cal that spikes the heart of the earth so i never expected you to be anything more than another robot blinking in time with the pathological tangle of blacktop and glass and stone and the noose of billy clubs and taxis and social security numbers that unrecognizes and desouls us and plants metal eyes in our foreheads to watch and punish for it and polish the walls of the elevator box that reflects the sour rotting faces like cast iron walnuts

i take them off to show my eyes and scream with them**I SEE YOU I SEE YOU I SEE YOU**and no matter what youve been told we are the same and FUCK the system because we are greater and even the psychic holocaust of law and television can never crush us

alonzo

theres no way to say how much your name means to me now that i know that for an instant and forever you too saw that though we are in this thing we are not of it. and there is no way to say beneath the flesh how beautiful a human face is, nor how i want to hold your newborn child, nor what a pity that the world or i are such that in the next lobby finally eyes melting as they embraced the shining gift i could not take off my shades

- j. mulholland

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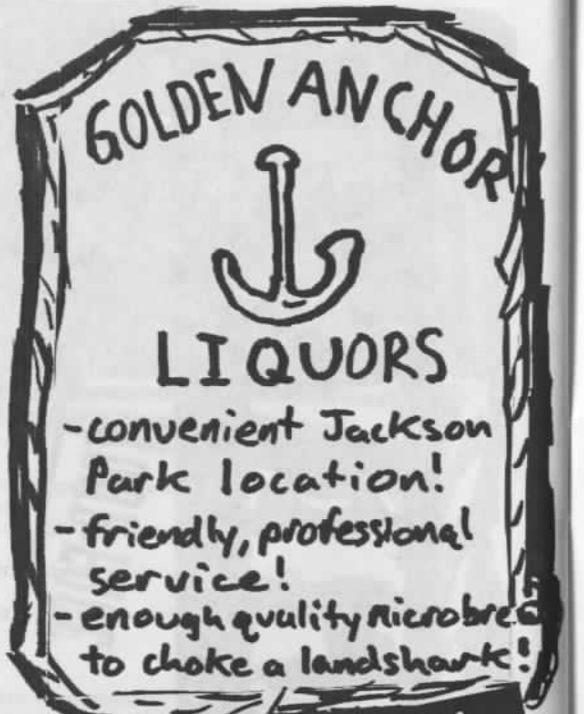
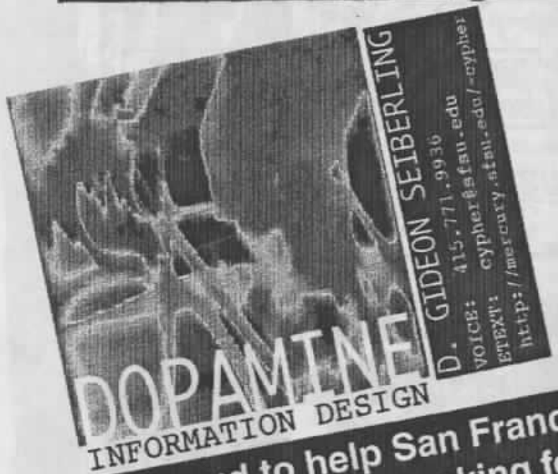




Proud to help San Francisco's messengers with their great adventure and looking forward to CMC '96 in San Francisco!

THOMAS MEREDITH

The last time I saw my brother before his fatal accident, he was riding down 2nd Street. He had just built a new Bridgestone. He was taking up banjo and talking about his plan to buy land in Northern California. He was very much alive.

On Tuesday, the 27th of September, 1994 around 4pm, a speeding Muni bus overtook Thomas at 2nd and Market and dragged him several meters. He took all impact of the accident to his brain- -it swelled and could not be operated on. His friend Mikey Mitchell was with him under that bus, as Thomas slipped into a coma.

At SF General about twenty of us were in and out. Thomas was in a coma for four hours and then died at 8pm. If it weren't for our mutual friends lending their support, I wouldn't have made it.

The next day, messengers blocked Montgomery Street and 15 people were arrested. For weeks flowers were laid at the accident site. Thomas' death was all over the news—most of the information was distorted or concocted.
About 150 people showed up at the wake at South Park, which continued to Mission Rock in messenger tradition, where my mother and I threw a bike basket filled with flowers into the bay. Maria Barry and the Prez led a candlelight ceremony and sang, "Will the Circle Be Unbroken." Critical Mass was dedicated to his memory and had 1,200 participants.

In Oklahoma at the memorial service, our bishop played Robert Johnson's "Come Into My Kitchen," reflecting Thomas' love of the delta blues. His body was buried in Chelsea, OK among six generations of our family.

Not long afterward my father, a professor of logic and Native American studies, had a day vision. My brother appeared to him, bathed in light. Thomas comforted my father and assured him that all was as is meant to be.

In his short life, Thomas went through many struggles and transformations. He was born Thomas Marshall Rogers Meredith in Owensboro, KY on 17 December 1967. We always bought our Christmas trees on his birthday. My first memory of him is on Christmas, when he was six and I was two. We both had chicken pox and he was dressed up like Batman.

Thomas grew up in Manhattan, NYC and Oklahoma. He was always incredibly intelligent, a trait he tried to cover up with a thick Okie accent. As a kid he wanted to be an oceanographer, play war games, draw heraldry. We used to fight each other with Japanese practice swords, take horse riding lessons, terrorize our little sister Lee, play Dungeons and Dragons, acolyte at church , and later steal each other's hardcore albums.

Thomas graduated from Kemper Military Academy in Missouri. He played baritone and coronet

for band company and had the highest grades of his class.

He messengered several different times in several different places. Back in the 80's, he had a metallic blue double mohawk, carried an axe in his Zo bag, camped under Golden Gate Bridge and then lived in a school bus on 3rd Street. In Washington, D.C. , he worked at Pronto and had the nickname "MC 900 Foot Jesus," for his characteristic sandals and beard. When he came back to SF, he became the first guy ever to work at Lickety Split Delivery.

Tai Chi was a lifelong inspiration. He first took lessons in third grade, then in Austin where he said it saved his life, and finally under Sifu Fong Ha. He taught me how do chi gung as a means of reviving oneself when passing out at parties.

As children we were all exposed to our own Native American spiritual traditions through stomp dances and ceremonials. Living in Austin, Thomas began incorporating traditions into his daily life. Every morning he would wake at dawn, face the sun rising in the east, make a tobacco offering to the four directions and give thanks for the new day. He would go out to the woods and play his wooden flute and animals would creep closer to hear him.

Thomas assisted Charles Van Tuyle in writing a book on the Cherokee verb in the attempt to revitalize our language. He met and hung out with Chief Skyhawk of the Natchez Cherokee, whom Thomas said he could relate to better than any other person.

When Paul Littell died working for SFDS, they had been roommates at Moss Street. they used to jam together back in Norman. They were both working on an all-comic issue of Mercury Rising. Thomas just accepted Paul's death, saying he had accomplished all he needed to do in this life. When he played guitar, Thomas said he could sense Paul there helping him.

Paul's death helped me prepare for Thomas' death. Just before the accident Thomas was trying to get his life together so he could move on from messengering. He had premonitions that being a messenger would kill him. And he said many times he never wanted to work at SFDS, blaming them for Paul's death. Thomas didn't want to die; witness testimonies describe how he struggled not to get crushed by the bus.

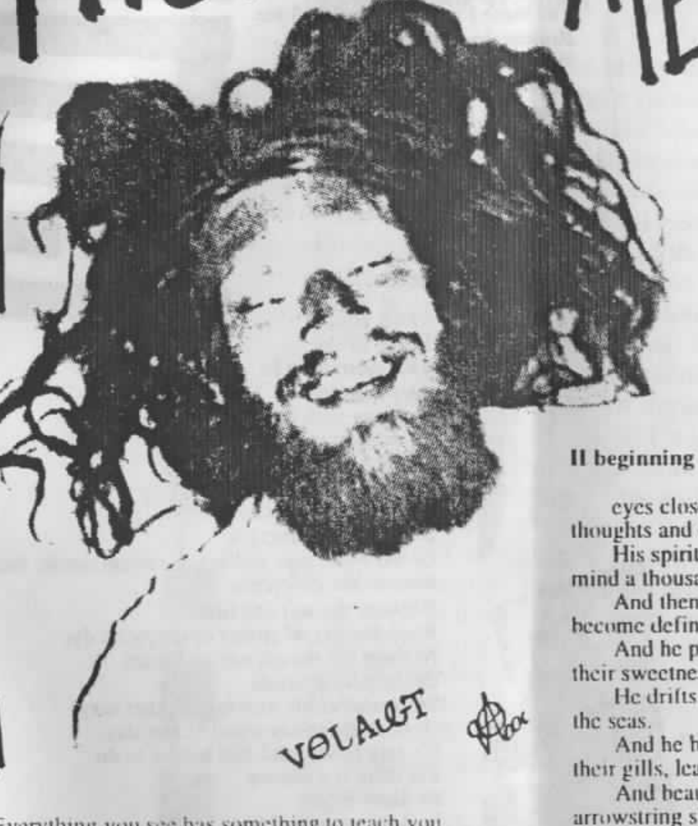
Everything happens for a reason. Thomas is now dealing with reality in a much more profound and immediate way than possible in our realm. The hardest thing to do for those of us left behind is: let go. Take the love and respect you had for those that pass on and offer it to the people still with you. As much as we may glorify the messenger world, for many of us poverty, depression, chemical abuse, and homelessness are real threats to our survival, without even worrying about traffic. All we really have is our own inner strength and each other.

Again, if it hadn't been for all of our mutual friends helping me out, I wouldn't have made it. Thank you, everyone who offered rides, information about witnesses, half-tones, prayers, and words of support. Especially the people who told me what it was like to lose their own brother or sister or child.

I'm not going to be a hypocrite and tell anyone to be careful. Taking risks is inherent to all of our natures or we wouldn't be riding bike in the first place. I don't want to live forever and I don't know anyone who does. Instead, what I have learned is to give thanks for every day that I do live—to appreciate every opportunity I have and the people in my life. Thomas taught me a lot throughout my life. It was a privilege to have known him and an honor to share what I've learned from him.

With gladness
in my heart,
America Meredith

THOMAS MEREDITH



I go to the north
and I cry out

I go to the east
to walk in power

in the south
I breathe the peace

in the west
I pass on to the darkening land

1 Everything you see has something to teach you.
2 Any problem you see someone dealing with, especially if you feel a charge of energy ("positive or negative") can be a clue to your own unfoldment.
3 Therefore, please listen carefully to any advice you give to them because that is the best advice for you, because you came up with it.
4 Do not be a victim of your relationships, your body, or your life. You put yourself in these situations to learn your own magnificent, limitless potential to evolve, strengthen yourself, and become a more capable, wonderful human being.
5 The answer to all your questions lies within you now, waiting for you to ask for them.

1 Define—what is significant here.
2 Meet with allies—what is the message, why, what should I do now.
3 If appropriate, resolve to consensus.
4 Act to carry out allies' guidance. Check each day to update connection with allies.
5 Share knowledge.

II beginning

eyes closed, he hears an inner music; he is lost in thoughts and questions.
His spirit rides to the eight corners of the universe, his mind a thousand miles away.
And then the inner voice grows clearer as objects become defined.
And he pours forth the essence of words, savouring their sweetness.
He drifts in a heavenly lake, he dives to the depths of the seas.
And he brings up living words like fishes hooked in their gills, leaping from the deep;
And beauty is brought down like a bird on an arrowstring shot from passing clouds.
He gathers his words and images from those unused by previous generations; his music comes from melodic unplayed a thousand years or more.
The morning blossoms bloom; soon the night buds will unfold.
He sees past and present commingle; he sees the whole four seas in the single blink of an eye.

The trip seems to be progressing. Maria talked to the manager of a store that sells tribal oriented objects about buying American Indian made things. This store sounded like these things were not all that expensive. This may be problem. If things are inexpensive how much energy can be put into them. I think things should be expensive and with cool people. With little money we could trade for stuff instead.

Illusion
The dream one sees
On the condensation on the mirror.
This is the most hot water I run.

Hopefully invisible, I seem to be
The more I am seen, the less I see
Rolling down the road
With quiet speed
I ride in search of what I need
Where I'll find it
I do not know
It seems a place
I can not go
The more I say
The less I hear
It is through silence
The way turns clear

I look around
I have to say
That there must be
Another way
So many with haste to the hell of waste
So many ruts in the road
Bad religion False democracy
Indecision Rampant hypocrisy
Pollution Corruption
Delusion Destruction
Or the bottle pipe dollar job violent needle fuck.
What is the difference
Between the suit and tie and
Black leather w/ spikes or trippy tie dye
Nothing but the actions and heart
Of the person inside
We gotta get life moving in other ways
Or be ready to say a real "Later days"
It's easy to say, and still harder to do
But there is a chance
I believe in you
So 4 more words I have to give
And they are these

Let the People Live
-Thomas

VOLAGT

Head Space

First and Foremost
I wish to give thanks and praise
For this life and all that is in it!
The challenges and rewards
For friends and enemies.
For the chance to learn and choose
The white path of righteousness.

THOMAS MARSHALL ROGERS MEREDITH

Felching for Western

unit 948

Upon my return to SF I was ready to get a messenger job. Compared with my experience in DC, I knew that my check was going to be somewhat hurtin'. As I was looking at my list of potential employers, I thought that maybe Western could alleviate some of my financial suffering. I must have written that I had been pulling stuff for trucks for Pronto (DC), not knowing of the negative connotations that seems to have here. Thus I was hired to work with the truck board. As I did throughout the course of my employ, I had dramatic attitude swings. Generally speaking these mood swings were directly related to my paychecks (Western is not a nonprofit organisation, folks). At first I thought I was underpaid, so I was somewhat bummin'. Then I began to appreciate working for Laurie, one of the best dispatchers going. This and an old desire to bike on a truck board caused me to put some effort into it. According to Western I was overpaid $118 over a two-week period. Not knowing this I was not worried about a talk I was supposed to have with Ray about my rate of pay. Then when I was at my utmost level of enthusiasm, I went in early on Friday morning and pulled out a $130 paycheck. This is where my hopes for a lifelong career @ the big W began to fade. I will never know how fairly good pay (7.50/hr) turned into hunnerd something dollar paychecks because I never was told how many hours were recorded for me. Finally I went in and talked to Ray, made a fool of myself, had Joe be a real jerk to me, and became quite angry at having gone from valued employee to some nimrod lucky to have 'blond' hair, and thus a job. Ironically enough my final check was written out for the full amount I should have been getting all along. If only Barb had done this a week earlier, I would have still been working there quite happily. I heard that 359, a member of the 'Western Family,' is now doing my job for considerably more money. Thanks for turning dedicated to disgruntled.

Thomas Meredith

p.s. Laurie, let me know when your company starts up, maybe you could call it Phœnix Messenger Service.

WESTERN MESSENGER